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THINGS SEEN IN THE BAY OF NAPLES

Photo *Ballance*

A STUDY AT ANACAPRI

Anacapri, which is represented in this view, is about 1000 feet above sea-level, and from this height looks down on its neighbouring town of Capri, 600 feet below. The inhabitants of the latter, however, refuse to look up to their loftier neighbours, and the old jealousies still remain.

THINGS SEEN IN THE BAY OF NAPLES

DESCRIBING ONE OF THE LOVELIEST BAYS IN THE WORLD, ITS DEAD CITIES, THE GRIM HISTORY & BRILLIANT GAIETY OF NAPLES, WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF CAPRI, ISCHIA, SORRENTO, AMALFI & MANY OTHER BEAUTIFUL PLACES WITHIN THE BORDERS OF THIS PICTURESQUE BAY

BY

ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THINGS SEEN IN ROME," "ALMA ROMA," &c. &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

London

Seeley, Service & Co. Limited

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PICTORIAL MAP

AVERSA
LUSCIANO
GUGLIANO
MARANO
POZZUOLI
I. de Nisida
C. Miseno
PROCIDA
ISCHIA
Mt. Epomeo
THE BAY OF NAPLES

FRATTA
APRAGOLA
NOLA
CASORIA
POMIGLIANO D'ARCO
PALMA
SARNO
CASTELLO DELL'OVO
Herculaneum
TORRE DEL GRECO
TORRE DELL'ANNUNZIATA
Pompeii
ANGRI
GRAGNANO
CASTELLAMMARE
Vico Equense
SORRENTO
META
LUBRENSE
POSITANO
AMALFI
CAPRI

Photo *Alinari*

PANORAMA OF NAPLES SEEN FROM THE VILLA PATRIZI, NAPLES

Naples is here seen from its western suburb. The wooded park along the shore is the "Villa Nazionale," first laid out in A.D. 1780. In its centre stands the Aquarium, while behind the Castel dell' Ovo stretches out into the sea, and in the distance Vesuvius may be seen.

Things Seen in the Bay of Naples

CHAPTER I

THE SETTING OF THE CITY

NATURE has made Naples. After her hand had traced with a graceful curve the limits of the sapphire sea, and walled them with slopes green with olive and orange trees, and placed as a sentinel over the scene of beauty Vesuvius grim and playful, man could do nothing else than accept that silent invitation and build there a city.

In such a frame even the commonest picture might impress; but the Southern Italian is essentially an artist. His taste instinctively teaches him to build in sympathy with his background. Hence the garden roofs of the city with their bloom of scarlet and gold make a fitting border to the colour of the hills and the azure of the sea.

To feel the full fascination of the picture, enter the Bay at sunset. Then a warm tint heightens every tone. Vesuvius even under its heavy pall looks resplendent. The sinking sun kisses its fiery summit, and the mountain blushes. Even its dark canopy of smoke becomes red. Houses and castles seem on fire. Has the volcano been up to its old tricks, and flooded them with molten lava? No, it is only the sport of the sun, which tries its hand at beautifying the most picturesque scene in the world.

Like twin sentries at the mouth of the Bay, the islands of Ischia and Capri stand out more boldly in that light. The former looks innocent enough now, as it hides its passionate heart under its clothing of green. Its summit, Epomeo, rising to a height of 2782 feet, silently rebukes its distant rival Vesuvius, as much as to say : " It is time you were conforming to the civilised usages of the twentieth century, and behaving like a respectable mountain. The pass-word of to-day is, Peace, and I have accepted it."

Still, with all its apparent profession of tranquillity I would not trust Epomeo too much. The memories of the eighties are not forgotten. However, if you can afford time to climb to its peak, do so. Mules can easily be obtained, and I advise a mount, albeit a stubborn one. The ascent is steep, and near the top the hard rock is slippery, and demands faith in the sure-footedness of your mule. Then you forgive much, as—hanging on to the pommel of your saddle—you are swung round ticklish precipices and up the sides of rocks slanting like the roof of a house. At last you reach the top, and receive your welcome and reward.

The former is given by an old hermit. Epomeo seems to breed them ; for it is never without an antediluvian of sorts. When I was there the old monk said he had not been down the mountain for fifty years. He had served his apprenticeship ; for that is about the age and experience the post demands, and he was now the fully fledged old hermit of Epomeo. There must surely be a successor in training somewhere, in case of accidents ; for, like good wine, an old hermit cannot be manufactured in a day, and the mountain would be incomplete without its old man on the top. He takes for granted that you have come to see him, and are more anxious to have his rough bed and rock-hewn cell pointed out, than to look at the view.

The Setting of the City

But the latter is your reward. Below you lies the whole panorama of the Bay of Naples. It is better to look down on it than up at it from the deck of a ship. Somehow it gives a consciousness of superiority which puts you in a good mood with your environment: and, however much you may have cursed your mule on the way up, you will always say to friends: "The Bay ought to be seen from the summit of Epomeo."

We shall not stop to waste adjectives on the scene. The dictionary has only a limited number, and we shall need them all before we are done; so we shall keep them for more detailed description. Below us lies Casamicciola, its white houses fringing the sea. It cowers there on the mountain-side, with a great wound still across its face where Epomeo in 1883 had smitten it with earthquake in his rage, and destroyed 1700 of its population. Still, if the mountain shows temper sometimes, it also exhibits generosity, and does what it can to repair the evil. By its outburst it had frightened tourists away and impoverished the island; now from its side it sends forth a stream laden with sulphur which has curing properties for rheumatism and other ills. It pumps up jets of this water straight from its infernal furnaces, and the tourists, especially the maimed and the lame, have come back to bathe and be cured.

A little further along is the town of Ischia, which tries to keep up the respectability of the island with its medieval castle, built by Alfonso V. of Aragon. It has harboured behind its strong walls many noble refugees, not least being Vittoria Colonna, who—listening to the dirge of the sea from its battlements—must have thought sadly of former days, when as a happy bride she had with all the joyousness and hope of youth admired the same scene. The mountain and the seas remain, but a haze of sorrow hides their beauties and reveals only their sternness. From that old castle used to

boom the warning which told of the approach of the cruel corsairs.

Once that discharge was mistaken for a salute by the French knights of Malta who were sailing past in their ship. Not to be outdone in politeness they returned the compliment, and thereby made known their presence to the pirates, who swooped down upon them and carried them off as captives. Courtesy received in this instance a cruel reward.

Scenes change, but one thing remains constant, the lap of the waves against these rocky shores; and as, shimmering in the sunlight they dazzle our eyes, they create a dreamy haze, out of which emerge strange ships. We are back in those early days when civilisation, such as it was, first touched these shores. The Greek Columbus of that time, whoever he was, has faced with the restless spirit of modern adventure the unknown West. With sail and oar he has urged his little craft onward. When he reaches this bay he feels that the earth cannot offer him a more inviting spot. So with his fellow-emigrants he lands, about 1050 B.C. They bring with them the stories of their gods, and these also find a new location. Ischia becomes in mythology the abode of the giant Typhoeus, who, smarting at the blows of Jupiter's thunderbolts, struck back by hurling lava and rocks at Heaven.

That classic glamour still clings about this spot. Just across on the mainland the tales of mythology have found a dwelling-place in the Elysian Fields, and the Mouth of Hell of which Homer sang:

> "Bane of the feathered race, its sulphurous womb
> Shot forth foul streaming poison; black with gloom,
> And shagged with dismal woods, the tribes around
> Revered it with religion's awe profound."

When we inspect these places more closely we shall realise what a lucky find they were for mythology.

Photo *Underwood Press Service*

A STREET IN NAPLES

This is not washing day : but quite an ordinary one. The mystery is that with so much apparent cleansing, so much grime still remains ; but perhaps the latter is the cause of the former.

The Setting of the City

When you have the fabulous to relate, some material evidence is very helpful for silencing doubt. Here were Heaven and Hell beside each other ; what further proof was necessary ?

But though our thoughts are wandering, we are still looking from Epomeo. Berkeley writing to the poet Pope, says of the view : " You have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one glance—besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet—a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus."

A wide, lovely curve of fifty miles forms the wonderful Bay of Naples. Nature carved it out, so geologists say, by means of a great catastrophe, sometime in the tertiary period. The Tyrrhenian continent had already been inhabited by man, who had learned to rear herds of sheep and goats, and to chase the wild stags which at that time made their home in the isolated promontory of Capri. (It was then joined to the Sorrento peninsula.) The remains of elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceros, and other vertebrate animals have been found upon it, and thus afford a clue to its history. The catastrophe which followed must have been gigantic even for Nature, and throws into the shade the well-known eruption of Vesuvius. The earth crust heaved and fell ; a whole continent became submerged. This fierce onslaught of the sea upon the land was accompanied by a barrage of volcanoes, such as perhaps the world has never seen. The biggest of them all spent itself in its efforts and has disappeared. It was between Ischia and Capri, and led in that riot of desolation. It has left its signature in the thickness of the volcanic deposits it hurled on its neighbours. Deep beds of pozzolana, interspersed with layers of ashes, lapilli, and pumice stone, covering the weapons of an extinct generation of men, tell of the fury of that dead giant. No doubt Epomeo, and Vesuvius,

and lesser craters joined in the sport. In fact, just beneath our feet there is a baby one whose latter end is rather amusing.

On looking down we see the almost circular harbour of Porto d'Ischia, formed by Nature and finished by man. In that far-off day it was a live volcano, and spouting ashes as vigorously as its big mother behind it. Then its fires subsided and one might imagine that its work was done. Not so. The engineers of 1856 saw their opportunity. "Here," they said, "is a baby crater of no use to anybody. It lies conveniently near the sea. We shall cut an opening through, and make it into a harbour." So ships lie moored where once lava boiled. As you look at its snug shelter you feel like adding another clause to the Scripture prophecy: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks"—and their craters into harbours.

But here we are still lingering on the summit of Epomeo, and no wonder, for it is almost impossible to tear oneself away from that view. Just across the narrow neck of water rises the island of Procida. Let us pay it a visit. Its old castle has also fallen on more peaceful and useful days. It has become a reformatory.

I wonder if the boys, in their rather drab surroundings, are ever told the story with which Boccaccio flings a glamour of romance over this little island. If so, they will look with more interest on the strip of sea which separates them from Ischia. The youthful Gianni used to swim this nightly, that he might lie beneath the windows of the maid he loved on Ischia. One day the pirates of Sicily carried her off; but Gianni followed, scaled the walls of the Palace at Palermo, and was just rescuing the maiden when he was caught in the act. The two were tied to stakes and were about to be burned, when a great

admiral hurried to the scene, and told the king that the youth was the nephew of the man who had plotted the Sicilian Vespers and thus won for the monarch his crown. The end of the tale is happy—a honeymoon sail back to Procida!

We shall leave the island with that happy memory, hoping that Boccaccio had founded his romance on fact; and now let us sail slowly into the bay, drawing nearer to the wonderful panorama which encircles us. Of Capri floating in a misty dreamland on the right we shall not speak just now; that Pearl of the Bay will have a chapter to itself, as also the sunny Peninsula, where the white cliffs of Sorrento wall in the bay to the east, crowned by the picturesque summit of Monte San Angelo. Then come the town-dotted slopes of Vesuvius, and the streets which line the shores with their white masonry like breakers on the beach. All this is in front of us, while on our left we pass Capo Miseno. This is really the half curve of a crater tilted up; but its likeness to a tomb so much impressed the ancients that they called it the burial-place of Misenus, the trumpeter of Æneas. He could not have a more historic monument, and in this he has surpassed his master. He blew his own horn during his lifetime, and this cape has continued to do it for him ever since. Many historic events has this point witnessed. Here can still be seen the ruins of the house of Caius Marius in which Tiberius died, or rather was done to death.

Tragedy and comedy centre round the scenes enacted in this villa about the middle of March A.D. 37. The old Emperor (he was in his seventy-ninth year), feeling that life was ebbing, and suspicious that his doctor, Charicles, wanted to feel his pulse, was yet so determined to cheat his physician that he sat on at the banquet table in order not to allow the other an excuse for rising and kissing his hand.

The Setting of the City

It is perhaps not generally known how a boy lost the imperial crown by lingering over his breakfast; but it all happened at Cape Misenum. Tiberius was in trouble about his heir. He had two grandsons. The elder, Caligula, might naturally be the one expected to succeed him; but Tiberius disliked him and preferred his own namesake, the son of Drusus. Perhaps to cheat himself, as well as to please the gods, he resolved to leave the choice in their hands. The first of the two to enter his room next morning was to be the chosen one. To coach the gods in their duty, and in case they might make a mistake, the Emperor instructed the tutor of young Tiberius to see that he should be the early bird. But next morning the prince loitered over his breakfast; perhaps there was some tempting dish which kept him at the table. At all events, when at last he rose to go to his grandfather he found himself, like Esau, too late: his cousin had forestalled him. The Emperor had to keep his vow to the gods, and when Caligula entered his room first, with a bad grace he bestowed on him his blessing and his crown. So at least runs the old story, and if it is not all truth it contains a wholesome warning.

Then the Emperor fainted, and the doctor, whose wish was father to the thought, announced that he was dead. Minutes at such a moment are precious, and the supporters of Caligula at once hailed him as emperor. The populace took up the cry, and if the dying man had keen enough ears he could have heard through the windows the fickle crowds acclaiming his successor. He had! He woke up from his trance, to find himself deserted and his room empty. He shouted for food, so that he might have strength to rise from his bed. His voice spread consternation. Caligula hid himself, his followers did the same. There was an ominous silence, except for the cries of the dying Emperor. Then the doctor did, what doctors have done since, though in a less brutal fashion.

He argued that the Emperor could only live for a few hours longer at most, but even that short time might be sufficient to work havoc. So he boldly went into the sick chamber and smothered his patient with the blankets. We cannot restrain a shiver as we pass by Cape Misenum.

We cross the entrance to the Gulf of Pozzuoli, and our eyes would fain linger on sites which recall so many historic memories. Over these same waters in the spring of the year A.D. 60, came a big ship with topsails flying. This singled her out from all other craft, and as soon as her rig was discerned there was great excitement on shore. A messenger was despatched post-haste to Rome with the welcome tidings that the first wheat-ship of the season from Alexandria was in sight ; for only such were permitted to fly topsails. But she carried something better than wheat—a prisoner whose teaching was to transform Europe. On her deck stands a man prematurely aged and somewhat bald, with beard long and pointed, and a composed face a little sad, though full of deep thought. Such was Saint Paul. With what interest he must have watched the nearing shores of Italy. It had been the ambition of his life to visit them, and now at last he came—but in chains !

Soon we hear the waves splash on the rocks of the tiny island of Nisida. Small it may be in size, but not in importance, for one of the most revolutionary plots in history was concocted here. In the days of Brutus it was covered with trees, as Statius says :

> " And the wood that crowns
> The Nesian Isle, deep rooted in the main."

Fitting scene was this for the whisper of conspiracy. Here walked Brutus and Cassius and with bated breath they uttered in tones of hatred the name of Cæsar, and spoke of the assassin's dagger. How strangely these wooded glades changed the whole course of history !

When it was all over, Brutus with a guilty conscience, and the words " Et tu, Brute ! " ringing in his ears, tried to bury memory here. But no grave was deep enough for that, and one day he learned the full bitterness of crime, when on these shores he bade farewell for ever to Portia, his wife. Fortunately the island is so small that we have passed it before its gloomy reminiscences are exhausted. Romance unites Nisida with the promontory of Posillipo. These two hills were once considered as lovers, and the latter flung himself in his passion into the sea, and the good gods made one an island, the other a headland, so in death they were undivided. Rounding this point the city of Naples opens out before us. The villa-crowned heights of Vomero tower up on our left. Here the wealthy Neapolitan of to-day, encouraged by the fact that for twenty-five years new buildings are not to be taxed, has been busy erecting modern mansions, and you have only to glance at these to realise how prosperous Naples is. Three other ridges link arm in arm with their white masonry. These are Capodimonte, Poggioreale, and San Martino. The legends which clothe them with a glamour remind you that now you are in the land of romance. Here love and its poetry are as the breath of life. At night you still hear ditties sung to the music of the mandoline, which recall the age when these hills were four brothers who all fell in love with the same girl. She could not make up her mind which to choose, and as all were equally insistent, her only resource was flight ; as they could not follow, there they remain to this day, and the sad notes of the mandoline are their wail for a lost love. They still try to outrival each other as they deck themselves with all the art of the up-to-date architect ; but the maiden, wherever she is, remains too coy to be wooed by the blandishments of the modern villa. Drawing her skirts about her she fades into the mists. She belongs to classical times, and her ideas of

beauty are very chaste. She shrugs her shoulders at the up-to-date mansion and sighs for the marble atrium and colonnaded peristyle.

Castel Sant' Elmo gives distinction to the hill of Pizzo-Falcone, the Falcon's Beak, which overlooks the city. It has come down in the world. Perhaps it is suffering the just reward of its deeds, for like its neighbouring strongholds it has witnessed many a ghastly sight. Now it is a military prison, and so nurtures repentance within its walls. The view it commands is magnificent.

As we approach Naples the foreground becomes more prominent. The splendid esplanade of the Via Caracciolo stretches its expanse of gardens and walks along the sea front, while behind is the magnificent Riviera di Chiaia. Here Neapolitan fashion promenades, and bright colours flash in the sunlight. Looking on that animated scene you realise that you are in the gay south, where cares are left behind, or hidden under a laughing face. Perhaps it is the reflection of the sun's constant smile that we see in these merry crowds.

Now we skirt the most historic bit of old Naples, the Castel del'Uovo. Out it juts into the sea, like a finger of warning to challenge the approaching stranger, only in the old days its nails were sharper than now. Here the unfortunate Conradin, the boy emperor, spent his last hours awaiting execution, and many another has languished in its dungeons. When built by William I. in A.D. 1154 it was considered, like our latest men-of-war, the limit in the matter of defence. Nature had especially prepared for it the egg-shaped rock on which it sits—though in the popular mind Virgil gets the credit of that through his enchantments; but the history of its site goes back far beyond the days of the great Latin poet. The hero Hercules used it as a stepping-stone when he first landed on these shores, and called it Megaris, after his wife. Anyhow, it has a good pedigree, and now

rather sombre in its old age sits there brooding on its more glorious past. Behind it is the Via Parthenope, marking the spot where the body of the Siren who had committed suicide was washed up, and bequeathed her spirit, as I hope to show in a following chapter, to the city which commemorates her name. She has left also a battered head. It can be seen standing on a pedestal near the Church of St. Eligio. It is called the "Testa di Napoli," or the head of Naples, and is no beauty, and much withered with age. It was found in the amphitheatre, and has become the figure-head of the city. Efforts have been made to secure it more comfortable quarters in the Museum, but they only revealed how near the surface in the Neapolitan character lie the superstitions of past ages. As long as the head stands where it is Naples will flourish. Let it fall and the city is doomed: such is the popular belief. It is a case of the Colosseum and Rome over again. So there in rather a congested part, but not far from her native sea, the head of the Siren looks out on the exuberance of life that riots in the sunshine.

As we swing round the long mole, and head for the port we find ourselves rubbing shoulders with strange company. Near us is an old Greek schooner which is trying to fight its way in to the last inch against the wind, before employing a tug. In her youthful days she was English, but fully twenty years ago was discarded as unsound, and bought for an old song by some Greek, and ever since then has been playing with death in the Eastern Mediterranean. Alongside, and gliding swiftly in under its triangular sail, is a gaudily painted Gozzo boat with its load of potatoes. Then there is the ocean liner just arriving from New York. Majestically she moves in at "Dead Slow," nosing her way amongst the smaller craft, and bringing with her a whiff of the great world beyond the Atlantic. On the left we pass the naval basin packed with destroyers, and here and there a big cruiser.

Photo *Underwood Press Service*

A MIXED TEAM

Through all centuries the animals in Naples have been teaching its inhabitants how to pull together: but the lesson has been a hard one to learn.

The Setting of the City

A swift paddle steamer flits past us. She is bound for Sorrento and Capri, and if you have a nautical eye you will detect at once that she was built on the Clyde, where her sisters still ply amongst the western lochs of Scotland.

The variety of craft which jostle each other as they steer for their own berths, shows one that Naples is a gateway to all seas, and—despite the increasing rivalry of Genoa—that she maintains her trade, especially in passengers, and thereby supports the million of her population.

As we enter the port we cannot but recall another voyager who landed there from our shores about a hundred years ago, and the famous lines in which Wordsworth had commemorated that event. The traveller was Sir Walter Scott, seeking the health which even the sunny skies of Italy could not bring him. The words were written on the last Tuesday Wordsworth spent with Sir Walter, in the autumn of 1831. On their return from an excursion, they had to cross the Tweed opposite Abbotsford. A rich but sad light, of a purple rather than a golden hue, spread over the Eildon hills; and, thinking it probable that this might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the river he loved, the poet expressed his feelings thus:

> "A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
> Not of the setting sun's pathetic light
> Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
> Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
> For kindred Power, departing from their sight;
> While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
> Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
> Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
> Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
> Than sceptred King or laurelled Conqueror knows,
> Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!"

CHAPTER II

OUTDOOR LIFE

A CITY which lives out of doors—that is our first impression of Naples. The street is the common home, especially in summer. Only those unable to crawl, surely, are left within the walls of the houses. All the rest are in the open.

"What Festa is it?" we ask, as we step into the gay crowded streets. "Surely something unusual is happening?"

Everybody seems to be on the pavement—or off it—blocking the way. All are talking, and gesticulating hands keep time with tongues. The windows of the houses are open. At every one there is a face peering into the street. Behind the flowers on the balconies there are more people with loud voices. All appear excited, as if some great event were in progress. There is a dash of colour everywhere which heightens the vividness of the scene. A yellow curtain is flapping in the sunlight. The green shutters make the red roofs conspicuous, and crimson shawls and striped skirts keep the eye active. Every object in the congested scene is determined to project itself on your attention. You feel you must stand still to take it all in; but that is impossible. The crack of a whip warns you that you are in the way. In fact everyone seems in the way. A horse and cart are trying to get past without knocking you over. The poor animal does not look as if it had enjoyed a square meal for many a day; but there is one thing it cannot sacrifice, and that is its finery. It has tassels on its harness, and a plume stuck in its saddle. Why these decorations?

Instinctively you glance around in search of a flower-stall, that you may buy a rose to pin in your coat so as to be in keeping with the occasion. But is it an occasion? Not at all. It is only an ordinary drab day in Naples, one just like the rest, and nothing more. That is Naples!

Not entirely, for after all it is the people who make the place. More than half the charm of this sunny city is the delightful naturalness of its inhabitants. Gay and sad by turns, laughter chases tears from their faces, and smiles scatter frowns in so artless a way that you feel every mood is photographed at once on their expressive features.

The explosiveness of the Neapolitan is taken as a matter of course. I have seen two lines of trams held up because the drivers on the first two were having an altercation. What it was all about I do not know; but to the onlooker it seemed as if murder was imminent. Both were allowed to vent their rage in violent gesticulations and more vehement language. Nothing, however, happened more disagreeable than the tax on the patience of those compelled to wait until the storm of passion had subsided. It ceased almost as suddenly as it began, and with a smile each of the two started his tram and moved off on his own track. What interested me was not so much the sudden fury of the men, as the quiet acquiescence of the passengers. I suppose they had learned from experience that really the quickest way to end the business and get a move on, was to let the passion of the moment flare itself out.

One cannot walk many yards through the promiscuous shoulder-rubbing of the Neapolitan streets without seeing the comedies and tragedies of life paraded before one's eyes in startling contrasts. Tears and smiles in turn jostle your sympathies, so that if you are especially susceptible to your surroundings I would advise you not to take a walk where the sights exact such heavy

toll upon the emotions. It is different from the cinema. There you may laugh and weep in turn ; but then you know it is all acting. In Naples it is the real thing. Life is unbared for even the casual beholder.

One reason of this is the sun. After all, it is back of everything in this glowing city. People live out of doors. If your way is through the narrow lanes of the old town, in the single length of a street you will have witnessed the full play of life. You stumble on its virility in the sprawling children whose world is the gutter, and who are boisterously happy in it. Some I have seen without a stitch of clothing, and tattooed with grime, romping like dogs without a thought of what they shall put on ; while behind them, apparently out of place, is a small shop crammed with the latest fashions in dress ! Out of these same alleys on *festa* days will stream a procession of dainty skirts and high heels that might out-Paris Paris ; for the Neapolitans are dressy, especially the poor. In everyday mufti they like a dash of colour to catch a ray of the sun, while on great occasions the one ray has expanded into a rainbow, even though the dress be borrowed.

As you pass along, especially if it be in the hot days of June—when I am writing—you will notice one urchin whose task is to whisk away flies from a tempting tray of sugary cakes. He is armed with a whip composed of strips of paper, and right merrily he does his job. Those sweets are Siren rocks for the flies whose bodies lie thickly strewn upon the ground. Bigger shops dispense with juvenile help. They have their open window, where they expose their bait, festooned with branches of horse-chestnuts. These catch what little breeze may be blowing down the street, and in a more merciful way frighten off the destructive fly.

At the doors you see men shaving and women washing themselves with a lack of self-consciousness that is a

Photo *Underwood Press Service*

GOING HOME FROM MARKET

This quartette is returning from market. The leading donkey gives the impression that the day has been a bad one; but its owner looks flourishing.

rebuke to conventionality. Their rooms are used only to sleep and eat in; for the rest of the day they live in the public eye. The pavement, where there is one, becomes their parlour. Where so many voices mingle, the lungs of the street-vendors must needs be stout: and they are. They chant their wares in a sing-song rhythm. So the more you penetrate into the congested area round San Lorenzo and the Cathedral, the louder grows the din. The Via San Biagio and the Via Tribunali were not made for motor-cars. Even the humble *carrozze* have to scrape their wheels in passing, and the humbler pedestrian stands with his back to the wall if he does not wish his toes crushed, as the packed mass of people and vehicles surges along the narrow, crowded thoroughfare. When the modern motor forces a passage into this congested mass, and imperiously blows its horn demanding a right-of-way, or death to the obstructor, then the confusion becomes worse confounded.

When the night falls in Naples the cries of the vendors at last cease, but peace does not creep over the nerve-racked city; the motor has now the monopoly of sound, and it dashes along with open exhaust and horn blowing. The Italian does not think he is driving unless he lets the world hear! I am reminded of the story of the small boy who asked his father for a drum. The latter replied that he was afraid the youngster would make too much noise. "No," was his retort. "I will only beat it when you are sleeping!"

Let us continue our walk, for after all it is better to be one's own automobile: it takes less room, where space is at a premium. We note one refreshing feature of a very old custom which was not peculiar to Naples, but which still remains in fashion here. The wine-shops have as their sign a tree of sorts growing out of a big barrel placed at their door. Now, as the Neapolitan has

a natural distaste for water in any form, these shops adorn nearly every corner, with a few interspersed between. Hence an air of the country is introduced into the thronged thoroughfare ; you look along it and behold there is an avenue of greenery. Were prohibition to come to Naples, a lesser loss would be the passing of that pleasing restfulness to the eye ; for amidst the dust and uproar it is truer here than elsewhere that the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nation.

But the wine-shops do not have it all their own way. The booth of the lemonade-seller runs the *bettola* hard. In these days of manufactured ice he tempts the eye with his crystal cube dripping with its own moisture, half in and half out of the big glass jar from which he ladles the cool draught into a tumbler partly filled already with the juice of a squeezed lemon. The fruit lies piled up on his shelf under its covering of green leaves, which are liberally besprinkled with the icy water, and pervades the air with a cooling freshness. No wonder that booth is an attractive spot, especially when a good drink only costs one soldo, less than half a farthing ! The trades-unionism of the vendor permits him a fairly wide interpretation of his duties, for to his lemons he adds oranges, grapes, and figs in their season ; but his harvest is in the days of the ripe melons. The sale of this juicy fruit throws his lemonade for the time being into the shade. It is no uncommon sight to see an urchin's face buried in the sweet crimson slush, which sometimes gives it the most frequent washing it ever gets.

The ice-cream vendor is not so much in evidence as one would have imagined. Perhaps he is so busy making his fortune in England that he has not time to think of the needs of his own countrymen. Still, of course, he is there. Though I would not advise you to try his wares in Naples. The streaks of many customers line his glasses.

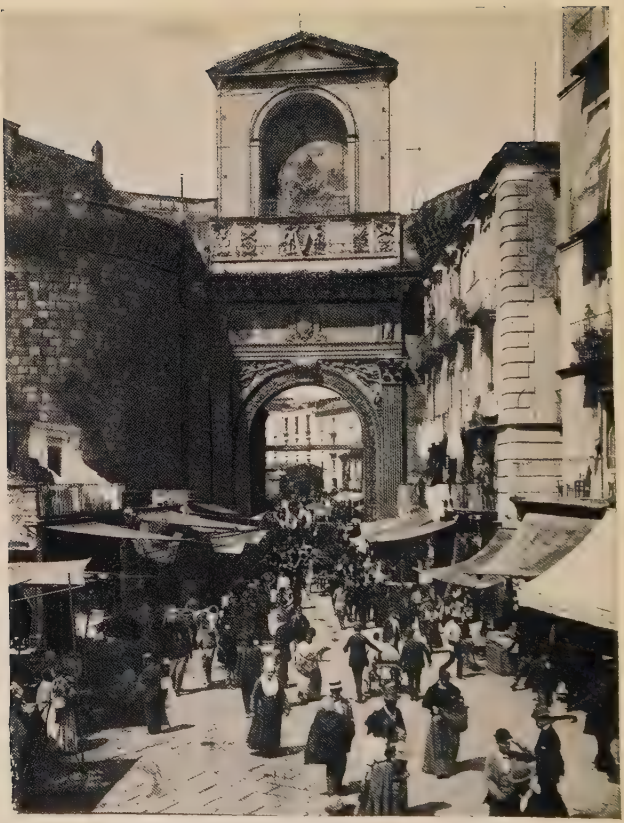

Photo .....

THE CAPUANA GATE, NAPLES

The historic gateway of Porta Capuana, through which many a royal procession has passed, including the triumphal entrance of Charles Fifth, is a picturesque relic of departed glory.

If our way leads us up to the Vico Mezzocannone we shall stumble on a bit of the old Grecian wall, one of the few relics of early days. It is strange how little there is left of classic times in this medieval city whose pedigree is as ancient as that of Rome. Unlike its neighbour Pompeii it had no Vesuvius to wrap its mantle over it and thus preserve its old buildings. Instead, it has had ever a teeming population busy pulling down and building up, so that few monuments remain of an earlier date than the thirteenth century. The remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux can be traced in the façade of S. Paolo Maggiore.

Naples, like ancient Gaul, may be divided into three parts. There is the ancient city lying to the east of the Via Roma. Then there is the modern town spreading endlessly westwards; and overlooking all are the villa-crowned heights of Vomero. The visitor will naturally find most interest in the first section mentioned, and will devote the major part of his time to threading the labyrinth of streets where history has embedded itself in mortar. With just a little imagination he can fancy himself back in those days when Naples as a commercial city was beginning to outrival Pompeii. Similar crowds hurried to and fro under the shade of tall houses. It is just possible that the streets have even kept their old alignment, for the way in which they are laid out resembles somewhat the plan of Pompeii.

To enter this region two things are necessary—a weak sense of smell and a strong pair of shoes. Odours assail the nostrils, and rough cobble stones the feet. Perhaps the best jumping-off place is the Piazza del Mercato. There you get inured at once to stones and smells. A fish-market monopolises what pavement there is, and its decaying produce rivals the drains, in the pungency of its odours. Still it is worth it all to stand and repeople

this historic square with the fickle and feverish crowds who cheered and cursed their heroes alternately. Full of tragic memory is the spot in the east corner, where was reared the scaffold of young Conradin, whose touching death we describe on page 82. To the west stood the platform from which the fisher lad Masaniello had dispensed justice, and for one brief week had issued his orders as dictator. Across this square the same erratic mob which had stuck his head on a pike and thrown his dishonoured body into a ditch, carried it with mournful pomp to a great burial in the Carmine Church. As we are concerned in this chapter with street scenes, we shall leave the invitingly cool interior of that sanctuary to another time.

The crowds in the square itself attract us. Here we see character and habit paraded. We are in the centre of the working-class population, perhaps the most conservative of all sections of society, which preserves the continuity of the city's soul. In two ways do they give vent to their spirits. They love the theatre, and in this respect their tastes run—or perhaps I ought to say ran, for Naples too is changing with the times—towards comic buffoonery. Here for ages the *Pulcinella* has flourished, especially in the seventeenth century. It is masked comedy, and Naples highly honoured and rewarded its successful clowns. One of the greatest of these, Antonio Petito, died in a most tragic way on March 26th, 1876. His acting became reality, and while the great audience applauded, the curtain of death dropped on the actor. The magnificence of his funeral is still remembered. A king was never so honoured in his death. That again is Naples, and its heart is the same to-day. It loves the acted jest, as well as the amorous song.

The other way in which the ordinary citizen finds his diversion is in the chatter of the open square. How the tongues wag ! I am reminded of an old Highland woman

in my father's parish, of whom the neighbours said that after she was dead her tongue still quivered! The Neapolitan accent is coarser than that of Northern Italy, and the dialect is different. Very often a "v" is substituted for a "b." Thus for boiling water *L'acqua bollente* the Neapolitan would say, *L'acqua vollente*, and *Napule* for *Napoli*.

Because your way is blocked by standing crowds who apparently are doing nothing but talking, do not imagine that the people are lazy. That is a slander which dies hard. The Italian labourer is a good worker; one has only to instance the demand for his services in all parts of the world when railways are to be built or roads constructed. The emigrant from these shores who has gone to America has proved his grit, and no small share of Italy's income is derived from the dollars sent home by her prosperous sons. One has also to remember in Naples that the needs of the household are few. True, there seem to be innumerable mouths to fill; but after all, the food is principally fruit and vegetables. If the tax on tea caused the American Revolution, it was the tax on fruit which roused Naples into rebellion under Masaniello. You may touch anything but that. After Rome, where fruit is expensive and poor, it is a delight to come to this paradise of oranges, peaches, plums, and figs. In the humblest restaurant a plate heaped with fruit is set before you for dessert, and the only limit imposed is your own capacity to eat.

As we are studying the crowd in the piazza you may be sure that it is also studying us. One of its outstanding characteristics is curiosity. There is something child-like in this inquisitiveness, and questions asked are not meant in rudeness, but are prompted by this insatiable craving to know. If a dog is run over in the street, long after all trace of the accident is removed a crowd still lingers. New-comers stop to learn all about it,

and hand on the information to those arriving later. In this the Neapolitan is good-hearted, he shares readily his information with others, whose torment of curiosity he understands.

But if we stand also merely scrutinising our neighbours, however interesting the process, we shall ourselves be liable to the accusation of laziness, so we had better resume our pilgrimage, casting one farewell glance at this piazza whose memories are more sombre than gay. Once it was called Morticelli ; that was after 1655, when over forty-seven thousand plague-stricken bodies were buried here in four ditches. I have kept this information to the last, as now I know that you are in a hurry to depart, and are not quite certain that the dead fish are accountable for all the smells.

We shall find our way up the Via Pietro Colletta to the Castel Capuano which marks the north-eastern corner of the old city. Here and there we meet a little herd of goats with tinkling bells, at whose sound heads protrude from windows, and a bottle is lowered with a cord. The goat-herd knows his customers, and so do the members of his flock ; for a wise old goat will stop under the window of her special client and wait patiently to be milked, when the bottle is drawn up again in the same fashion as it was let down. Then she moves on to the next on her list. As we emerge on the Piazza di Tribunali the imposing archway of the Porta Capuana again recalls medieval times ; but how different the scenes which surround it now ! The pomp and glory are vanished, and poverty and grime remain. Wine-shops with tattered clients at their tables encircle it, while the square in front has become a market-place. It was William the First, the son of Roger, who in 1156 began to build this castle. It was reconstructed by Frederick in 1231, and the great Florentine architect Giovanni Pisano was employed to carry out the work. Its masters

Photo *Herbert Felton*

CASTLE NUOVO, NAPLES

Castle Nuovo is the most imposing one in Naples. For many reasons it is best viewed from outside

changed, but it remained. The Angevins and then the Aragonese made it their home in turn. It had many ups-and-downs, and had to see itself thrust into the background by the new up-start, Castel Nuovo. However, in the days of Don Pietro di Toledo it recovered some of its prestige. His was a clear brain, and he did much for Naples. Amongst other things he centralised all the branches of its municipal government in the Castel Capuano. For a while it even changed its name and was known as the Vicario, because there Toledo as Viceroy presided over the Courts of Justice. Those were perhaps its greatest days. It had handed over the sword to its rival Castel Nuovo, but it retained the sceptre. The kingdom was ruled from its halls. Those spacious salons can still be seen, and their glory is still reflected on their walls.

The gate, which is more imposing than the castle itself, was built by Ferdinand of Aragon in 1484. Its architect was the famous Giuliano da Maiano. He erected its two towers, which were called Honour and Virtue. One of the greatest spectacles it ever witnessed was the pompous entrance of the Emperor Charles V, after his victory over the pirates of Tunis, and his liberation of twenty thousand of their slaves. Naples had reason to hate these corsairs, who had taken captive many of her sons. Therefore the city went mad with joy, and the stately arch of the Porta Capuana lifted up its head with pride to let the conquering hero pass.

From the ancient we turn to the modern ; the Via A. Poerio takes us to the Central Station ; but as one terminus is the facsimile of another we shall not waste words over the iron gateway of to-day. Possibly already the names of the streets have raised a query in our minds. To understand their significance one would have to master the history and literature and music of Southern Italy, for its past has written its records on the street

corners. The idea was that of Carlo del Pezzo, who in April, 1890, proposed that the naming of the streets should be made educative, and that the rising generation should have before its eyes the names of those who might be an incentive to it. Besides, Naples had not been over select in the choice of its titles. For instance, there used to be the Vico Pulce, the alley of the fleas ; and the Vico Pidocchi, the lane of the lice. That was just a bit too realistic for the refinement of to-day. Doubtless these names had the merit of truth, but need one always advertise truth at the street corner ? How different was the touch of Carlo del Pezzo ! There is a sweetness and poetry about the designation Via Santa Candida, the first Saint of Naples, and what could crystallise the sentimentalism of the city better than Piazza Divino Amore ! The Via della Fiammetta recalls the beautiful daughter of Robert of Anjou, who seems also to have been a bit of a flirt, for one day in Church she let her eyes rest on poor Boccaccio, and kindled an undying flame within his heart. That glance earned for her immortal fame. Without it she might have lived and died, and this generation been none the wiser of her existence ; but now her name is written on a street corner, and when enquiring youngsters ask its meaning their mothers tell them the old love story of Boccaccio, which was not meant for juvenile ears. But there it is. Every day Fiammetta's name is mentioned by thousands of people, all through the glance in the church !

Then, the humble tailor who had a well in his house is immortalised, or rather his well is, in the title Via del Pozzo di Santa Sofia. He should have been more careful of his well, especially when it had run dry. Satan always finds mischief for idle hands, and the tailor got the start of his life (and Naples, too), when out of the dry well swarmed the soldiers of Alfonso, who had made a connection between it and an empty watercourse, and so

captured the city. What a moral is written on that wall, warning the passer-by of the danger of harbouring useless things even within one's house! In Naples it is not merely in stones but on street corners that one can find sermons. Garibaldi has the wide piazza in front of the station called after him, and also a noble Corso; and well might his intrepid daring leave its mark on that city which he captured by his personality, facing single-handed the levelled guns of his foes, and daring them to fire.

But this is a subject not intended for a small book, for it has no end. If what I have said will open the visitor's eyes to the wealth of the street corner, then it has served its purpose. Every walk will end with a consultation of the encyclopædia, and an increased knowledge of the poets, authors, soldiers, statesmen, and benefactors of Naples.

Now we must work our way westwards, for modern Naples after all is more in the world's eye than this rectangle of narrow streets whose only dignity is that of pedigree. We shall cross the congested area by the Via Tribunali, of which I have already spoken. One thing which must impress the visitor in this quarter is the number of book shops. That is a trade which seems to thrive in Naples, and if there is character in shop windows I should certainly judge that behind all the outward gaiety there is a depth of seriousness in the Neapolitan, or these booksellers would not be thriving as they seem to do. Of course this is in the neighbourhood of the University, an ancient institution where learning flourished, though ignorance, superstition, and passion dyed the streets around it so often with human blood. Yet a close examination of the volumes exposed for sale shows a wonderful width of subject, in which English literature holds a prominent place. A scrutiny of these windows certainly increases your admiration for the reading public of this city.

As we pass along, one amusing action we often note, and wonder at first what it can signify. It certainly has dramatic force, and seems rather to hit the person towards whom it is directed. This is a quick movement of the hand from the chin. It has just a touch of disrespect and means, "I have had enough. I really don't care. Good-bye!" There is another gesture peculiar to Naples, the meaning of which is as necessary as a knowledge of the verb "to be." It also is a refusal, but instead of conveying indifference suggests that the person knows too much to be taken in. Here the head must not be shaken; that is a mere negative. The chin must be tilted slowly upwards to just the right angle. Only the native-born know by instinct that elevation. It is done in perfect silence, and if accompanied by a slightly cynical smile will clear a path for you at once through any number of pedlars or beggars. We have cause to envy these expressive Southerners. The impassive Englishman has to put into words what the Frenchman can say by a shrug of the shoulder or a Neapolitan by this chin action. Words are dangerous because they live; but I do not suppose a gesture would be sufficient evidence for a libel. Perhaps it is the atmosphere of suspicion and the need for caution which has given gesture its opportunity!

At the end of the Via Tribunali is a fourteenth-century church, interesting because its cloisters house the oldest College of Music in existence, founded by Aless. Scarlatti in 1637. It was a seed planted in ripe soil, for the Neapolitan is a lover of music.

Now we leave the old town behind us, and turn into the great thoroughfare of Naples, the Via Roma. It might be the "street which is called straight" for in an almost unbroken line it extends for a mile and a half. Along this artery throbs the life-blood of the city. Its only inconvenience is that at midday there is little

Photo *Alinari*

THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY OF ST. MARTIN & ST. ELMO CASTLE SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH OF S. FRANCESCO DI PAOLA, NAPLES

To realise the commanding position of the Certosa di S. Martino and its neighbour the Castel Sant' Elmo, they should be viewed from the Piazza del Plebiscito. They are then seen to give just that touch of beauty to the landscape which has made Naples so renowned.

shade. This has its compensation in these days of one-way pavements. You are not tempted to think that the wrong side is the better of the two, and lured by shadow, to break the law. However, it is only for an hour or so that the sun has the direct range, and during that time good Neapolitans are enjoying their siesta.

Here we see the great business houses of the city, and perhaps should almost feel a thrill of pride that the most imposing of them is owned and run by a British firm. What Englishmen and Scotsmen have done for Naples in the way of developing her industries is perhaps little known. They do not have their names written on street corners, but for all that their work remains. It was a Scotsman, the late Mr. Miller of Genoa, who, in the hour of Italy's need, gave Garibaldi a ship to take men and supplies to Sicily, and thus helped to change the whole history of the country. It was a Mr. Patison who constructed the first Italian railway, that between Castellamare and Naples, and Messrs. Armstrong founded their great steel works, which have now passed into Italian hands. Two of the biggest stores were started by Englishmen. It is refreshing as we walk down Via Roma to be thus reminded that British methods and men can hold their own in foreign countries.

A turn to the right through the Via S. Giacomo will bring us to the wide Piazza Municipio, with its central monument to Victor Emmanuel II. One is almost surprised and pleased to find the Town Hall so unpretentious a building. It was the Palace of the Ministers under the Bourbons, and one would have expected more show; but its work-a-day aspect commends itself, as in keeping with a great business metropolis. From this square one of the principal tram routes leads back along the Via Depretis and the great Corso Umberto to the station. As, however, we have just been there, we shall turn in the opposite direction to discover what is to be

seen in the streets westwards. The Castel Nuovo invites, but it would be unworthy of its dignity to give it the tail-end of a chapter. We shall visit it later.

Instead, we enter the cool arcades of the cross-shaped Galleria Umberto Primo. It would be wise before entering to make sure that you had left your purse at home, for if you have a wife, or for that matter a sister, she will be sure to discover the very thing she needs in the large tempting windows. There is time to loiter here, for the sun cannot dig its burning spurs into you and hasten your progress, and so you are caught in the net, and at last make an exit from these arcades with more things to pack !

Now we come into the great Piazza del Plebiscito, whose proportions evoke our admiration. On one side is the Royal Palace, the red walls of which give a welcome touch of colour to the scene, and make one forgive the rather exaggerated niches with their huge statues. The King has given this palace to the State, reserving only a suite of apartments for the requirements of the Royal Family. The rest of the building has been converted into a National Museum. Opposite, in the centre of an imposing semicircle with branching arms of Doric colonnades on either side, rises the Church of San Francesco di Paola. Its dome is an imitation of the Pantheon in Rome. " A well-balanced piazza," is our comment as our eyes follow its contour.

Space is running short, so I must hurry you along the narrow shopping street of the Via Chiaia, not allowing you time to be tempted, for here the windows are as attractive as those in the Via Roma ; and now we are out on the open, in what might be called the one great park of Naples, the Villa Nazionale. On the one side is the blue sea, on the other the green verdure of welcome avenues. Under the shades the *balia*, nurse, wheels her perambulator, and young men and maidens tell the old

story of which the world never grows tired. The surging stream of humanity which a few minutes ago we had seen pouring through the streets runs slowly here. Time is no object under these delightful green awnings of nature; rush has yielded to rest; and as one looks on this peaceful scene, one realises that the Neapolitan is not all elbows.

Still, commerce cannot be thrust out of even this paradise. Not long ago I saw one section of it lined with booths, round which people clustered like bees on sugar. To my amazement I found that the tempting taste was literary. It was a book fair! Rows of volumes weighty and light regaled the eye. This was another of the surprises of Naples.

Night is falling. The lines of Vesuvius grow indistinct, and its canopy of smoke emerges into the gathering dusk, while rivalling the stars a string of lights, winding up its flank, illumines the pathway to the top. The day is gone, and we have not yet spoken of the suburbia that lies far up twinkling there on the heights of Vomero, the third section into which we had divided the city. Still there is time. The funicular will take us up in a few minutes. It is no longer the old-fashioned lift which first enabled the Neapolitans to discover this heaven which looks down upon them, but a luxurious railway which bears us up this Jacob's ladder on its cushioned arms, and lands us at the door of some welcoming villa, where we learn by experience the warm hospitality of the generous Southerner.

CHAPTER III

A ROUND OF THE CHURCHES

INTERIORS may not be as interesting as exteriors, to the eye of the passing stranger who wants to view Naples and its life; yet with regard to the churches in Naples it is what is inside rather than outside that attracts attention. The façades have suffered from the fever of the Baroque which swept the city in the seventeenth century. The germ found ready soil, for the Neapolitan has a love for outward display. The lie in architecture escaped him. It did not strike him as a falsehood in stone to have a richly ornamented front, which in the higher half has often only the thickness of a wall with nothing behind. It pretends to be a solid structure of massive proportions, whereas the actual building is much more humble. I am reminded of the reply of a North American Indian chief to the Governor-General of Canada, who asked him in surprise if he did not feel cold, with only a blanket to wear on a frosty day. The chief surveyed the Englishman curiously. The latter was wrapped up in furs with only his face exposed. "Do you not feel cold there?" he demanded, as he pointed to the uncovered features. "Of course not," was the reply. "My face is accustomed to being left bare." The Indian grinned; he had got his text. "Me all face," was his quick retort.

"All face!" sums up the Baroque style. Its ethics are those of the shop window, and reflect the morality of its originators, who imagined that the policy of pretence was the best method of bolstering up the

Photo *Alinari*

THE CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO DI PAOLA, NAPLES

The magnificent church of S. Francesco with its Doric colonnade was built in imitation of the Roman Plebiscito on the west.

power of the Church. Unfortunately, in their renovations they covered up the more chaste designs of the earlier builders; so that to-day the actual exteriors of the churches in Naples often repel, by a display which is hollow and which suggests insincerity rather than truth. One is glad that under an enlightened initiative the offending Baroque is being torn down and the Angevin Gothic restored. This is notably the case with regard to San Lorenzo, whose overlaid Baroque has been removed, and its old arches uncovered.

We shall begin our ecclesiastical tour with the Cathedral. Having already described the narrow thoroughfares which lead through the old town to it, we do not need to loiter by the way. If we go on foot, especially on a hot day, we shall appreciate the fact that it stands on a hill, and recognise that the ancient founders of the city chose well when they selected this site for their great temple of Apollo. Its columned porticoes must have added a picturesque touch to the Bay in classic times. How the heart of the homesick emigrant from Greece would warm, as—so far from his native land—his eye rested on the familiar temples of his gods. We can to some extent re-picture the magnificence of that edifice and its neighbours, for 127 of the pillars from those temples are still doing duty in the Cathedral itself, and its adjoining basilica of "Santa Restituta." If churches robbed temples, they yet in this way preserved much of the glory of pagan architecture, which would otherwise have been lost. Unfortunately they did not limit themselves to filching marble: but that is another story.

The striking façade of the Cathedral is an exception to what I have just said in a general way of the churches of Naples. But perhaps we shall understand it best if I compress into a nutshell the tale of the vicissitudes through which this ancient building has passed.

A Round of the Churches

When, under Constantine in the beginning of the fourth century, Christianity became the recognised religion of the Empire, there was a great impetus given to ecclesiastical architecture. For a long time the demand was greater than the supply, and though some of the early churches—like that of St. Clement in Rome—must have been magnificent buildings, rivalling the temples which they displaced, as a rule the structures were plain. In Naples there was material already to hand, and the fact that the first church was built on the actual site of the old temple shows that much of the material was simply taken over. The first building was called the Basilica Costantiniana, and remained unaltered until the beginning of the sixth century, when Stephen I. reconstructed it and called it Stefania. Another two hundred years passed, and then the cycle of change came round once more. This time it was ushered in by a terrible fire. On an Easter night towards the end of the eighth century a conflagration took place, in which the church was almost entirely destroyed. Stephen II, who was both Duke and Bishop, rebuilt it with greater magnificence. He carried thither from Pozzuoli the bodies of the two martyrs Saints Eutyches and Acutius. This set the fashion, until saints and martyrs began uncomfortably to crowd the crypt. The church itself became richly embellished, and for five hundred years continued to add to its splendours.

Charles I. of Anjou was, however, too great a potentate to leave things alone. He must needs carve his signature deeply on everything he touched, and his hands were not idle. Not every hall-mark of his is as worthy as that which is left in this stately Cathedral. He rebuilt it in the French Gothic style. It was begun in 1272, and finished by Robert the Wise in 1314. The door which we admire to-day is all that is left of the original façade constructed by Baboccio in 1409. An

Aceto

ARCO DELL' ACETO ALLA MARINA

The Arco dell' Aceto presents a typical picture of old Naples. The washing even seems rather ancient, the only thing youthful is the children who are everywhere.

earthquake in 1456 partially wrecked the building. Alfonso I. restored it in its original Gothic, and had it been left untouched it would possibly to-day have evoked the praise of all visitors. However, in 1837 Archbishop Caracciolo, doubtless with good intentions but bad taste, proceeded to do up the interior. He covered the ancient columns with plaster. That is like taking mustard to one's mutton, and leaves us searching for words. The magnificence of the roof, and the over-ornamentation of some of the chapels, detract from the impressive simplicity of the original design: but then one must remember it is the Westminster Abbey of Southern Italy. Here lie so many of its great dead. You have but to walk round the aisles and read the inscriptions on the tombs, to conjure up the historic scenes and dominating personages which fill with movement the records of Naples' past.

Most revered of all is the tomb of Saint Januarius beneath the high altar, the masterpiece of Renaissance art in the city. Here reposes not all of the saint; his head and blood are in the gorgeous third chapel on the south aisle. This statement naturally demands explanation, and introduces us to the legends of this saint. As we touch here the live nerve in the religious feeling and sentiment of the city, we must needs pause to recount the oft-told tale.

Alive and dead, the story of Saint Januarius is full of dramatic surprises. He was Bishop of Benevento about A.D. 304, when Diocletian published his edict of persecution against the Christians. Hearing that some of his fellow-Christians had been thrown into prison at Pozzuoli, he hastened to comfort and encourage them, with the result that he too was arrested. When brought before the cruel Timotheus he warned his judge that he would be stricken with blindness. It was, perhaps, not the most tactful way to handle the man on the bench,

and immediately the martyr was ordered to be flung into a fiery furnace. If ever Timotheus received a cold douche it was when the furnace doors were opened and there was the saint sitting amid the flames, singing hymns. It may have cooled the judge's head, but his heart was too hard to be affected. This happened at Nola where the assizes took place; but Timotheus, being anxious to go to Pozzuoli, harnessed Januarius and his fellow-martyrs to his chariot, and off he started with that strange team. Then he must have got the fright of his life, for his human steeds took the bit between their teeth and sped at terrific speed, so that the Governor's guards were left far behind. Now was the time for Januarius to settle accounts with the brute who drove; but apparently the saint was proof against such a human suggestion. He was rewarded for his forbearance on reaching Pozzuoli ahead of time, by being flung to the lions. They, however, looked at things from a different point of view from their masters, and while the blood-thirsty Timotheus waited excitedly to see the last of the saint, he received another shock of surprise. The lions did not act according to plan, but lay down fawning and cringing at the feet of Januarius and his companions. Then was fulfilled the prophecy of the saint, and the judge saw no more. Just at the moment when he was keenest to witness what would happen next he was struck with blindness, and the most important question in his immediate future was—how he was to be cured. He had to apply to the saint, and the prisoner absolved the judge and restored his vision; but all this time his heart was untouched. Like Pharaoh, he determined to get rid of this hated saint in another way, the one he should have adopted at the start, only it was not cruel enough. He had Januarius' head struck off, near the Forum of Vulcan. This ended the first chapter of that martyr's career, but by no means his earthly activities.

Though dead, the body of Januarius had still many adventures. It was conveyed to Benevento where he had been Bishop, then to the Abbey of Monte Vergine, and finally in 1497 to Naples, whose Patron Saint he became. A Christian woman had collected some of his blood, and this, with the head, is preserved in the chapel to which I have referred above. This blood is said to have liquefied when the body was first moved from Pozzuoli. That miracle is still repeated three times a year. On the first Saturday of May this takes place in Santa Chiara, and commemorates the occasion of the first miracle at Pozzuoli. The second time is on the 19th of September, the saint's own birthday, which naturally could not be overlooked. The third occasion is interesting. It is on the 16th of December, and gratefully recalls how the saint saved Naples in the great eruption of 1631. The column of St. Januarius, by Fansaga, outside the south door, was erected as a memorial of that deliverance.

The prompt liquefaction of the blood is looked upon as a good omen for the city, and if the saint delays, his popularity is threatened. Once he made a great mistake, his blood liquefying when it should have remained adamant. Of course there were compelling reasons for this disloyalty to his constituency. The French had taken the city, and established the Parthenopean Republic. Januarius was relied upon as being a good Royalist, and it was expected that he would show his disapproval of Republicanism by refraining from liquefaction. Perhaps that was his intention; but General Championnet, who suspected the move, and who realised that it might well have disastrous effects for the French, sent an officer to the Cathedral with secret orders. While the crowd were delighted at the delay of the saint, the Frenchman pushed his way to the altar rail. He managed to whisper to the officiating priest, and the

sacred phial with the stubborn blood shook in his hands. The message was, that unless the miracle took place in ten minutes the priest would be put against a wall and shot. Whether out of pity for the priest or not, the fit of stubbornness quickly passed, and Januarius liquefied ; —but it was a mistake. The mob knew nothing of the secret orders, or the dilemma of the priest, or the pity of the saint. Their hatred of the French blinded their reason. They forgot all that Saint Januarius had done for them, and denounced him as a traitor. In a few months they had the opportunity to show their resentment. The French were forced to retire. The dead saint was brought to trial once more. He was condemned for having betrayed his country. A cord was fastened round the neck of his statue, and in disgrace it was dragged through the streets and thrown into the sea. Poor Januarius ! he learned like many others the fickleness of Neapolitan favour ! Having been dethroned from his position of Patron Saint, the post was vacant, and Saint Anthony was voted into it.

Now Saint Anthony was a lover of animals, and much too mild a person to wield such a spiritual sceptre. True, he is still honoured on his birthday, the 17th of January. Every driver of horse or mule decorates the creature on that day with a chaplet hung round his neck, and if he be devout takes it to be blessed. But it is a making clean of the outside of the platter. The poor brute is whipped along on his very way to the church, where the blessing takes place. If Saint Anthony during his short régime had made the twisting of tails and goading a crime, the generations of horses and mules would have blessed him instead ; but he lost his chance. He was not strong enough for the Neapolitan. Perhaps he realised that it would have cost him his throne. In any case he soon lost that. Vesuvius took a part in the game, and in its anger threatened the city.

A Round of the Churches

Naples was seized with terror. Saint Januarius had always protected it from the mountain, and under the shadow of his strong arm its citizens had dwelt secure. Now they rushed the statue of St. Anthony to the front; but if every secret were told, the real cause of his impotence was their lack of faith in him. He was commanded to stay the flood of lava; but this spiritual Canute could no more stop the fiery tide rolling down from Vesuvius than could the English king put a limit to the waves. Threatened with disaster, the inhabitants ran hither and thither in despair. The lava had actually reached the Ponte della Maddelena. There stood a neglected statue of Saint Januarius; but though the ungrateful city had forgotten him he had not forgotten it. Defiantly he raised his hand. The hissing waves of fire sank back before that silent command. The city was saved, and the old Saint experienced another unexpected change in his fortunes. Saint Anthony was dismissed, and Januarius was reinstated as Patron Saint.

Before leaving the Cathedral a visit should be paid to the basilica of Santa Restituta. It opens off the north aisle. Its attraction is certainly not its present fashion of adornment, but its pedigree. Here you are actually inside the fourth-century church, which was built out of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, and that takes you back far enough. To help memory, you have actually twenty-seven of the old columns still standing. You are now in the very heart of Naples. Its greatest aspirations have been breathed in this sacred spot.

We have loitered a long time in this great central church; but we must not forget that there are others which rival it in interest. Perforce we must make a short leet, though it may be difficult to place those selected in the order of merit.

If a popular vote were taken, I imagine that the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine would come out on

top, not because of its architectural attractions, but because it is the people's sanctuary. Round it and within, throbbed the life of the city in its epoch-making days. The deepest passions of the past expressed themselves here. Its campanile gives it distinction. From every view-point it stands out as one of the features of the city. It was not always so innocent as it looks today. When Alfonso of Aragon was besieging Naples, his brother who was in command of the artillery suspected that the tower was being used to hide a battery. That was his excuse for turning his guns upon it. One shot entered the church and hit a large crucifix. It carried away the crown of thorns, yet left the head of the sacred figure unscathed. The explanation was that the head bowed and thus escaped the cannon ball, which was so shocked at its own sacrilegious act that it stopped dead in the air and then dropped beside the altar. King Alfonso, it is said, was so much impressed by the story, that after the capture of the city he examined very carefully the figure to see if any mechanical means had been used to move the head, but—finding none—believed in the miracle.

It was not difficult for the Neapolitans to accept the wonder, for they associated such things with this church, and if the like were to happen to-morrow they would not be surprised. From earliest days the church depended on the miraculous for much of its popularity. It was founded by a small community of monks in the seventh century, who had escaped from Mount Carmel, having been driven out of Palestine by the persecution of the Saracens. With their scanty amount of luggage was a portrait of the Madonna, which they said had been painted by St. Luke. They dug a cave in which they placed their treasure, and then built a church over it.

Those monks were faith-healers in a way; at least they cured the sick. They had studied many sciences

Photo *Alinari*

THE STREET OF CHIARA, NAPLES

Gradoni di Chiara. Steps and stairs are a familiar sight in the streets of old Naples. Often they look like a "Jacob's Ladder" all except the angels!

during their stay in the East. Their successes were attributed to the magic power of the Madonna. So great became the fame of this picture that even Rome heard of it, and wanted to see for itself the wonderful cures. The pilgrimage of the picture to the Eternal City eclipsed other events, and ended in an enthusiastic reception that drew from the populace not only their praise but their pence. This was too much for Rodrigo Borgia, who was Pope. He had his own views as to the direction in which that stream of copper should flow. So, with his blessing, he packed the picture off home as quickly as possible.

Under the high altar rests the body of the unfortunate Conradin. In 1631, during some renovations it was found, and though on the coffin being opened its contents fell into dust, a beautiful sword remained which lay beside the skeleton. Popular sentiment was gratified to think that the boy king lay there with his sword beside him. In 1832 the coffin was again opened, but the sword was gone. Even the dead in this city are not immune from thieving hands !

This was surely a poor return for the generosity of Conradin's mother, who arriving on the scene too late to buy off his execution, bestowed her wealth on the church where her son was buried. It is now overcrowded with pictures and monuments. The choir is painted in fresco by Balducci, and among the tombs is that of Aniello Falcone, the famous painter of battle scenes.

If for no other reason than to view the eleven small reliefs which composed the frieze in the organ gallery, one should pay a visit to Santa Chiara ; but there are many other reasons as well. Its style almost startles the visitor on entering. It is rectangular, with no aisles. We are so accustomed to this form of architecture in our churches that their absence at once arrests atten-

tion. It was built by King Robert the Wise, and serves as his sepulchre ; but he was not the first to be buried here. One day when the church was building, he asked his son what he thought of it, and the young man rather irreverently replied that it reminded him of a stable. Whereupon the king retorted, " God grant, my son, that you be not the first to eat in these stalls."

The grim prediction was fulfilled ; the prince was the first one to be buried there.

There is something very tantalising about the walls of this church, not because of what they reveal but of what they hide. Giotto had come all the way from Florence to paint Bible scenes in fresco. Possibly some of his best work was done here ; but in the eighteenth century the authorities in their desire to brighten up the interior whitewashed these precious pictures. Usually we hear of this treatment being applied to one's vices, it has been left to Naples to whitewash its virtues !

Visit this church on a Saturday morning, and as you approach you will encounter a scene typical of Neapolitan life. The narrow thoroughfare is blocked with an excited crowd. Each member of it has bought a ticket in the State Lottery. Five minutes before the hour fixed for the public drawing to take place you look on an expectant optimistic mob. Each person has worked up a belief in his own mind that he is to be the winner, and already is busy with plans for his future wealth. The Neapolitan reflects his feelings, and hope begets good nature. Any anxiety is hidden under a flood of bonhomie. Now is the time to ask a favour. Do not delay for five minutes or the opportunity is lost.

I have seen the serenity of Lake Lucerne ruffled all of a sudden by an impetuous blast sweeping down the valley and churning the water into spume. So, in a moment the mood of the crowd before Santa Chiara changes. The despair and irritation of the loser chases

hope from the face. There are scowls, ugly words, a fierce look at one's neighbour, as if he were the cause of the misfortune ; in odd corners an outbreak of argument, gesticulations, high voices. Warned by these signals, it is time for the stranger to edge his way clear. Resentment is searching for a victim, and the visitor may be regarded as an intruder who has come to pry.

If, when visiting the churches, you wish to enjoy one of those little morbid thrills which alternate with veneration and religious sentiment, enter the church of Santo Domenico Maggiore. Quoting Bible language, one feels somewhat like "a thief and a robber," for the usual ingress is not by the front door, which is more often shut than open, but by a winding stair which lands you at a chapel in the apse. Having arrived in this unorthodox fashion, ask for the Sacristy. It is not its ceiling with the brilliant fresco by Solimena which attracts your attention, but the row of coffins, each wrapped in red velvet, which lie on the shelf above the presses. Here sleep some of the biggest scoundrels who ever wrecked homes and hearts. In that coffin is Ferdinand, whose grim joke at the marriage feast in Castel Nuovo is narrated in a subsequent chapter. We might stand and brood long on the unlovely things which human hands whitewash with red velvet ! But the end of our chapter is near, and there are still more churches. To eradicate the unpleasant impression before leaving this sanctuary, we ask to see the painting of the Crucifix which spoke to Thomas Aquinas, whose name itself casts a glamour over the spot. "*Bene scripsisti de me : quam ergo mercedem recipies ?*" asked the Crucifix. "*Non aliam nisi Te,*" was the scholar's response.

There are two other churches which might be visited, more for their sites than for what they are themselves, The first of these is the Church of the Holy Apostles.

which was founded by Constantine on the ruins of a temple of Mercury. Its vari-coloured marbles have a pleasing effect. The cupola is decorated by Lanfranco, the nave by Solimena, and the transept by Giordano. The second church is that of Santo Paolo Maggiore. It occupies the site where once stood the ancient temple of Castor and Pollux, erected in the time of Augustus. Two beautiful Corinthian columns, supporting a piece of the architrave, still can be traced, as also the bases of two others. These are all that remain of the hexastyle porch which stood until 1688, when an earthquake caused it to collapse. When here, it is worth while on leaving the church to turn up the Vico Cinquesanti until you come to the Via dell' Anticaglia. Cross this street and you will see two archways of Roman brick. They still do duty in bolstering up a house whose windows peep through them; but it is the mental vista they present which makes you pause and think. You are carried back through the centuries before these arches fell from their high estate. They then belonged to a covered theatre which stood beside the great amphitheatre where Nero paraded himself as a singer and musician, and listened to the music of applause from a packed house. It was here that unfortunately he missed an earlier death, which would have saved the world a lot of misery,—for he had no sooner finished his performance than the roof fell in. Whatever else he had done, it might be truly said of him that he brought the house down!

Here we are outside the churches, and as they all shut at six o'clock there is neither time, nor perhaps inclination, to examine their treasures further; and we shall only be delighted if the reader's future investigations will prompt him to say, "The half has not been told!"

Photo *Underwood Press Service*

THE CASTLE OF ST. ELMO, NAPLES

The old castle of St. Elmo, which occupies the most commanding position in Naples, has come down in the world, and is now a military prison. Its superb view, however, will always remain

CHAPTER IV

WHAT NOT TO MISS IN NAPLES

WHATEVER else one has to miss it must not be the National Museum. Such institutions, as a rule, are apt to be thought dry as the dust which seems to claim a proprietary right over the exhibits; but the one in Naples is in a category by itself. If in classic days it was this city which made Herculaneum and Pompeii, these buried towns to-day repay their debt; for they have given Naples a museum which is unqiue in its interest, and which attracts visitors from every land.

These may be divided into three groups. First there is the spectacled tourist, guide-book and pencil in hand, whose chief motive seems to be to find out whether he is being cheated or not. As if he were taking an inventory, he checks off in his book each exhibit. He is often irritatingly conscientious in his task; but all that it results in is a row of dots which blacken his pages, and of course a sense of satisfaction that he has really got his five lire worth. He has done the Museum, and it has not done him. It has not defrauded him of a single item. They are all there; none have been stolen over night. But as to a mental impression beyond that, there is none. The second type is rather a hustler. He walks rapidly through the rooms. He casts an airy glance over their spaciousness. He does the measured mile in record time, and comes away with a good idea of the building, and a remembrance of one or two objects which especially tickled his fancy. The third class is that to which I trust the reader belongs. He has made up his mind to see one or two things. He has already

read about them, and carries, so to speak, the lens of at least some knowledge through which he can mentally focus them. There are hundreds of other exhibits he would like to examine, and if he can afford an extra day he will return and make a further selection ; but he will not allow his memory to be blurred by a confused mass of detail.

I would suggest for a first visit that we turn to the Ancient Sculpture on entering. There we come on the Salone del Toro Farnese, and will be confronted by the famous group of statuary called The Farnese Bull. That it is a copy of an original may detract in sentiment ; but the life and daring of the original design is portrayed in the wonderful poise of the figures. Apollonius and Tauriscus of Rhodes put verve into their work. Every muscle in the bull and in the two youths speaks of strain, and we almost feel pity for poor Dirce who is about to be tied to those horns. Not that she deserved any pity ! When she had the chance to show it herself she had none to offer. She was Queen of Thebes, and there fell into her hands the beautiful Antiope, the mother of Amphion and Lethus, sons of Zeus. With an ingenuity of cruelty she planned that unknowingly the mother would be tortured to death by her own sons. The young men were bewitched by the charms of the Queen, and were willing to do her bidding. She informed them that she had a woman in her power who was worthy of the cruellest death, and she wanted them to tie her to the horns of this fierce bull. The youths consented to carry out the orders of the Queen, who accompanied them to the place of execution, which was Mount Cithaeron. When the victim was delivered into their hands the young men suddenly recognised that she was their mother. In their rage they turned on Dirce and bound her instead to the bull ; and so, like Haman, she suffered the fate she had so heartlessly planned for another. The mother is seen

standing by, composed and severe. She has no mercy for her fallen rival. It was the Greek idea of justice petrified in marble. Behind the statuary there is a philosophy of life in which forgiveness is disdained as weakness. This copy was found in the Baths of Caracalla, in Rome, in 1546.

We pause to admire the Venus of Capua. Being again a copy, experts will possibly pass it by; but at least the shadow of greatness falls upon it, for its original inspired the Venus de Milo. It was found in the amphitheatre of Capua, and probably belongs to the time of Hadrian. The original sculptor understood woman. He has made her not only beautiful but feminine; character as well as grace is reflected in every curve. She is the conqueror of Mars, for she proudly places her left foot on his helmet. What greater triumph could a woman have than that? But there is one person she has failed to master, and that is herself. She is the slave of her own beauty. In the moment of conquest she cannot resist admiring her reflection in his burnished shield. Surely beauty ought to find reward enough in a lover's eyes! But this Venus is not satisfied with that, even though the worshipper be none other than the god of war. That devotee is not sufficient: she must needs worship *herself!*

Close by, the Aphrodite of Sinuessa, though only a torso, has the genuine hall-mark of a fourth-century B.C. Greek original. The grace and perfection of the figure make it a model for artists, and the despair of modern sculptors. One wonders how these ancient craftsmen, who had not the anatomical knowledge we possess today, can make, in their marble, flesh and muscle almost to quiver with life. Near this is the torso of an Aphrodite attributed to Praxiteles, and it must be left to experts to decide which of the two is the more beautiful.

For a study of the masculine figure perhaps the best is Doryphorus. This is a copy of the famous "Spear-

bearer " of Polycleitus, and belongs to about the middle of the fifth century B.C. For many ages it has set the mode for manly grace and strength.

In the Sala D'Atena we come on one of the gems of the collection. It is the bas-relief of Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes, and is regarded as the best of three known copies of a work by Phidias. The scene is too realistic to require verification, yet to make certainty doubly sure the name of each figure is inscribed upon it. The sculptor has petrified in stone the tragedy of that moment when impatient love induced Orpheus to glance back at Eurydice as she followed him up from Hades. Hermes in obedience to the command of Zeus draws her back, and she fades from her lover's eyes into the shadows of the nether world. You have only to walk through these galleries to realise that what appealed to ancient artists was the tragedy of life. Was there so much of it in everyday existence that its representation always touched the live nerve ?

From those rooms of Grecian marbles we cross to the other side of the building, and here we are back in the houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii. This collection in itself gives distinction to the Museum, for of course nowhere else in the world does the life of the first century parade itself with such faithfulness. Here one would love to loiter, so that the very atmosphere of bronze ornament and painted panel might possess the mind, and instinctively transfer it in fancy to those homes of long ago. The bearded and tailed dancing Faun, which has given its name to the house in Pompeii in which it was discovered, is a relief to the tragic subjects I have just spoken of. Those people had a sense of humour after all, and this little bronze image seems to enjoy the delights of life so thoroughly, that the onlooker catches the infection of his bubbling spirits, and perforce must see the sunny side also. The Silenus which stands near

by, presents a grosser view-point. We admire it for the exquisiteness of its workmanship, but are rather repelled by the brutality of the subject. The Satyr crowned with ivy is aflush with drink, and his staggering gait, leering eyes, and muddled grin represent the pleasures of intoxication, and glorify the debasement of man. We shudder, but then we must remember this also was Pompeii.

Next we pass through the Gallery of the Emperors. It requires an expert in phrenology and history fully to appreciate those imperial busts and statues. To see in the coarse features of Caracalla a pitiless fratricide, or in the noble heads of Vespasian, Trajan, Hadrian, and Marcus Aurelius those qualities which made the Empire great.

Upstairs we get more of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae. Here the artisan rather than the artist is our instructor. It is the decorator who has left for us in these halls his mural efforts to brighten interiors. The peculiar Pompeian tints so rich in colour, the clever craftsmanship, the artful use of mythology give us an idea how the rich citizens of those buried towns commandeered for their pleasure the best that skill could offer. If a mere provincial town could produce such mural paintings, how great must have been the loss to the world in the destruction of the palaces of Rome!

We turn aside into the Picture Gallery and view one or two of its masterpieces. Naples itself produced no great school of painting. Despite their love of colour these people of the south do not seem to have the art of colouring. But the lack of native talent presented an opportunity to the artists of the north, many of whom accepted the patronage and rich fees of Angevin and Bourbon kings.

Perhaps the finest pictures in the collection belong to the Venetian school. We pause before the "Trans-

figuration" by Giovanni Bellini. He was born in Venice at the beginning of the great age of painters, in 1426. Inheriting the love of the brush from his father, gradually his fame grew until not only his native city, but far distant ones were proud to possess his works. He decorated the Ducal Palace of his birthplace with four of his paintings, and in all his work is revealed a delicacy of touch and purity of feeling which show the noble spirit of this master. Titian learned in his school, and when Bellini was ninety years of age, shortly before his death, Albrecht Dürer visited him. The principal feature of his "Transfiguration" is the art by which he concentrates a divine light on the figure of Christ. Before this radiance the apostles fall back as if dazzled. The background he has borrowed from the hills and buildings of Ravenna.

There is a touch of grotesque humour in Breughel's "Parable of the Blind." Irony enters into his paints. We feel he is laughing at humanity, behind the veil of the outward picture. In the hollow eyes of the six blind men, in their hopeless despair at losing their way, because the first has fallen into a ditch, we realise that he is caricaturing the follow-your-leader tendency of men, and he leaves a sad smile on your face as he suggests what the end will be, all six huddled up in the same hole. There is a vigour of draughtsmanship which cannot escape the eye, in this burlesque representation of life.

Titian has five portraits in this Gallery. Perhaps the most striking is that of Philip II of Spain. This is believed to be the portrait which Titian made for the heir of Charles V, in 1553. Not merely the features, but the perfect reproduction of the clothes, reveal the touch of genius. The corselet of white cloth embroidered in gold, the light-blue Spanish mantle with fur reverses, the collar of the golden fleece, and the white silk hose—all seem so natural that you want to handle them.

Photo *Cicalese*

THE CAMPANILE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT RAVELLO

It stands like a lonely sentinel over the grave of the city's past glory. It is difficult to imagine that on this hill-top there once dwelt forty thousand people, and that it was a great centre for the dyeing industry. Possibly it was the fear of the Saracens which gave Ravello its chance. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!

What Not to Miss in Naples

Raphael is represented by one great work, the portrait of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, who afterwards became Pope Paul III. There is a dignity and severity about this figure which are heightened by the ritual robes of the prelate. Every inch a Prince of the Church is the impression left on the visitor. In all likelihood this picture was a preparatory study to that included in the "Decretali" which is in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican.

About the life of Guido Reni there lingers a sense of sadness. How pitiable the end of such gifted promise! Born in Bologna in 1573, he died there miserably at the age of sixty-seven, the victim of his own vicious life. Yet in his saner days how the flash of a holy inspiration rested on his canvas! Of Naples he had mixed memories. He was commissioned to decorate the Chapel of Saint Januarius in the Cathedral. He succeeded only too well, for his genius roused the jealousy of local painters. He might have taken that as a compliment, had it not found expression in the threat of the secret dagger. That was commendation rather sharp-edged! So for Guido Reni there was nothing left but to run away, that he might live to paint another day. That chapel may now be regarded as a memorial of the triumph of envy.

His picture in this Gallery is that of "The Race of Atalanta and Ippomene." There is vigorous movement in every line of the figures, though perhaps the legs are unnatural in their length. Maybe that was a device of the artist's, to emphasise the fact that the distinction of this scene belongs to them. In 1802 there was a competition between King Ferdinand IV of Bourbon, and an Englishman, Mr. Dey, to get possession of this picture, which was for sale in Rome. Mr. Dey bid stubbornly, and Capparoni, the dealer, rubbed his hands. To have the bulldog tenacity of the Englishman on one side and the reckless extravagance of the Bourbon on the other suited his purse. The King won the day!

Only one other picture I shall mention, and that is the "Zingarella," by Correggio, the painter who was known by the name of the town where he lived and died. He represents the Madonna in a silent woodland retreat sheltered by low brushwood. Here she is bending over the little Babe who sleeps on her knees. One suggestive touch imparts that sense of peace and security which pervades the scene. In the left corner a little rabbit has approached undismayed. There is a beauty and sweetness about this picture which somehow impart their tranquillity, and we turn away with the soft peace of eventide soothing our spirits.

One thing which we must not miss in the Museum is The Tapestries. Their history is interesting. They were a gift to Charles V. after his great victory of the Battle of Pavia, from the members of his staff, who wished to present him with something personal. His vanity would be gratified as his eyes rested on these episodes of the great fight which illustrated his own prowess, and especially that scene which depicts the capture of his rival, Francis I. His generals understood perfectly the gentle art of flattery. They chose their artist wisely. Bernard Van Orley was a Belgian painter, having been born in Brussels. His portrait by Albrecht Dürer is now in Dresden. He struggled to revive a decadent Belgian art, for hardness and rigidity had crept in. Van Orley strove to resist this tendency, and to endow his figures with freedom and life. His great battle scenes in these tapestries certainly do not lack those qualities.

The seven scenes show incidents in the Battle of Pavia, 1525, when Francis I. of France was defeated by the Emperor Charles V. The first shows the attempt of the Germans to break through the French lines, and their momentary check, though the Swiss mercenaries betray signs of yielding. In the second we begin to see the French retreat. In the third the entrenched camp

Photo *Alinari*

CASTEL DELL' OVO

Castel dell' Ovo adds charm, romance, and mystery to Naples. It is the castle of the Enchanted Egg; but within its grim walls there is much to disenchant. Here many a captive like Queen Helena sighed life out in fruitless tears.

of Francis I. is being stormed, and there is seen the ignominious flight of the brother-in-law of the king, who escapes across the river on a bridge of boats, while one of his men cuts adrift the last, and thus secures them from pursuit. The fourth and fifth scenes intensify the *débâcle* of the French. In the sixth, Francis I. makes a desperate effort to rally his troops, and charges the Spanish cavalry, where in single combat he kills the Marquis Civita di Santangelo. In the sixth we have the French king fighting for his life, and in the seventh is his surrender. The day after the battle he wrote to his mother the famous message : " *Madame, pour vous faire savoir comment se porte le reste de mon imfortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur, et la vie qui est sauvée.*"

We leave the Museum and pass into the sunlit streets again. I wonder if we have broken our own rule and tried to take away more than we can remember. However, the Museum remains, and its treasures await further inspection, for those who have the time.

Before we climb the hill to San Martino there is perhaps one bit of old Naples we should peep into. We will probably not penetrate farther than the entrance, for our noses may refuse to advance. This is the underground city of the *Fondaci*, the *Bassi*, the *Grotte*, and the *Locande*. These really are cellars under the great blocks of buildings in the Quartiere San Lorenzo. Much has been done to clean and clear them out, but still they are the refuge of criminals and of a submerged class who in these dark haunts live strange lives. Animals and human beings are jumbled together, cocks, hens, pigeons, mangey dogs. It is a motley community, and the odours are as mixed.

Now let us get away to purer air. We take the Funiculare up to San Martino. Here distance lends enchantment to the view. Behind rise the ramparts of

Fort St. Elmo, which once dominated the city. Now it is little more than a military prison, though its one gun at midday echoes the thunders of its past. We enter the priory instead. After the mustiness of museums and the stifling atmosphere of city closes, we desire space and air, and here on the Belvedere we enjoy both. In fact we hang over the sea of streets as if floating in an aeroplane. From here Naples spreads itself beneath in a panorama of domes, garden-roofs, castles, palaces ; on the one side bordered by the busy port and azure sea, on the other by the Campanian plain backed by the Apennines, with Vesuvius quietly smoking his pipe of peace.

It is difficult to tear ourselves away from that alluring prospect, but this interesting monastery has many other things to show us. The faded glory of the Bourbon smiles sadly from an Oriental caique, the gift of the Sultan, from a gorgeous boat in which Charles III. landed with great pomp in 1735, and from the royal gilt coach. The latter did service for the last time when King Victor Emmanuel II. entered Naples in 1860. The Cloister should not be missed, with its sixty Doric columns. In the adjoining rooms are many historic relics which with wonderful impartiality recall the deeds of Bourbon and Revolutionary. The aisleless interior of the little church is rich in marble decoration, and in its Treasury we see Ribera's masterpiece, " The Descent from the Cross."

All the time we have been in Naples there is one object which has been inviting our attention, and if we have left it to near the last it is not because we consider it the least of sights, but that the final impression might photograph on our minds the history and character of Naples. These are summed up in the grim round towers of Castel Nuovo. There it still sits watching with jealous eye the modern city encroaching on its domain. Within its halls it holds the secrets of the past, and if our hearts be stout enough we shall enter to view its skeleton in the cup-

board. Only, pause on the threshold! If you do not wish to be haunted by terrible nightmares for the rest of your life turn back; for no castle has anything more frightful to show the visitor.

The Tragic eclipses the Brilliant in the memories of this place. Yet these halls were once resplendent with a pomp that outdazzled the greatest royal courts. Naples bred luxuriousness when it got a chance; but it is left now to the imagination to reproduce those gay scenes. It is not so with the horrors enacted here, for they have left grisly relics, and with lighted candles we descend into the secret chambers to gaze upon them. Out of the gloom loom four coffins. Two are open. They contain the bodies of the dead. The heads are not on the shoulders but beside them. That gives us a shiver, but nothing to what we next see. Our guide lifts the lid of the adjoining coffin, and we give a gasp of horror. Never has death left a more terrible aspect than that on the mummified face. The man wears the richest uniform; wealth, position must have been his, yet all that only intensifies his last agony. His distorted features, the frantic attitude of his arms and hands tell of a death by strangulation. It is said that King Ferdinand and King Alfonso used to come down here to gloat on their fallen enemies. But we have had enough, and now we hurry back to the upper air and the sunny street. Yet I think the bustling crowds must catch a reflection on our faces of what we have just seen.

After that, enough of Neapolitan castles! We shall content ourselves by admiring the picturesque exterior of Castel dell' Uovo. It too hides mysteries, and perhaps even the bones of Virgil. Whether King Roger actually filched these from the English scholar who, according to this account, had discovered the remains of the poet in his tomb on Posilipo, we shall not stop to investigate,

but hasten to get the bad taste of all this mustiness out of our mouths.

There is one exhibition which has given fame to Naples, and that is its Aquarium. It must not be missed. Besides, how refreshing to enter its cool vaults and rest the eyes on the silvery bubbles in its tanks of water. These are connected with the sea, so that the fish are provided with their natural element. In fact the very bubbles are caused by the suction of air as the seawater is pumped in. Happy creatures to be so well cared for ! And indeed they look contented, though I did watch a pugnacious crayfish sidling up to give its neighbour a nip. Here we are in the world of the submarine, and we see life as it is below the surface. Some of it is very picturesque, especially the region where the starfishes dwell, and where tentacles and branches are difficult to distinguish. In that forest of feathery undergrowth there is gentle movement, and life seems to flow on in undisturbed cycles.

It is different when we come to the Octopus, and look through his window. I do not know whether he resented my curiosity or not, but I remember that he once suddenly extended himself in a most horrible fashion and let his eight great suckered arms float out in a vicious embrace. I was glad there was glass between ; but even then, like Darwin with the serpent, I could not bring my face too near, there was something so revolting in the opening mouth beneath the ghastly arms. How little, as we look at the shimmering sea, do we realise the tragedies which lie beneath ! It has its Naples, glorious fantastic cities of the deep, with their dark corners where cruelty lurks, only we feel as we come out once more into the beautiful gardens of the Villa Nazionale that Man in his ascent should ere this have left far behind those horrors of the underworld.

CHAPTER V

PAGES FROM THE PAST

TO say that a city like a person has a past, is to suggest a certain unsavouriness hidden under the muck-heaps of time. Odours are not confined to the streets of Naples, they cling to the pages of its past, and I would advise the over-sensitive not to read too closely those annals which shock with their stories of cruelty, and haunt with their sighs of despair.

But what would you expect of a city which claims its origin from a dead Siren! Her work was not finished when the sea tossed her body up on these shores, her tale of cruelty was not complete. She was to found a city which like herself would be clothed with a ravishing beauty, until men would say of it, as many an unfortunate sailor had said of her: "See Naples and die!" Her spirit was to pass into a city which on this fascinating bay was to become a second enchantress, to lure armies to their fate, and doom many a patriot to a lingering death in its dark dungeons.

Parthenope, so the legend goes, lived with her two sisters on the rocks of a little island near the Punta della Campanella. The Sirens were very beautiful, and had voices which melted men's hearts. Their amusement in life was to lure passing victims by their sweet notes and then tear them to pieces with the eagle talons, which served them for hands. Success in this cruel game meant life to them, and failure death. Once, to their amazement and despair their charms proved vain, for a gallant ship rowed within hearing and passed on. More seductively than ever they sang: "Will you leave

us ? Will you leave us ? Ah ! Odysseus, you do not know what you are losing. Come to our cool green caves ; we are waiting—we are waiting."

But the Greek hero, bound to the mast by his own orders, was powerless to respond, and his crew—with their ears stopped—heard not the enticing strains, which gradually lost their intoxicating power as they grew fainter. Then the Sirens tore themselves in their rage. The pride of Parthenope was such that she could not bear to live, stung by the shame of defeat. So she flung her lacerated body into the seas she had so often reddened with the blood of others, and the waves swept her round the point into the Bay of Naples, and cast her up on the shore. The terrified natives buried that strange form which was half a woman and half a bird, and over her grave rose the city of Naples.

Of course there are the unbelieving who, while keeping the name Parthenope, suggest a more prosaic origin of the city. They say she was the daughter of Eumelus, king of Fera, and a very up-to-date young lady who wished to see the world for herself, and who snapped her fingers at her parents. There was a young man, of course, in the case, and he could handle an oar ; so together they set off in a skiff from their native land on the great adventure. Nature smiled on the lovers, granted smooth seas and fair winds, and brought them to the most beautiful bay in the world, and love cast its glamour over a scene which requires no embellishment. The irate parents followed, but arrived as usual too late. The mystic charm of the spot, however, changed rage into rapture. They, too, stayed on, and together they built a city.

This is a beautiful tale, but I fear it is as much a legend as the other. Classical story tells us only of one great adventurer who faced these western seas, and we all know what perils Odysseus had to face, and how alone

he returned to relate the terrors he had braved. It is not likely that two lovers could have passed through such danger-haunted regions unscathed. Of the two Parthenopes, I am inclined to back the Siren, and award her the palm as foundress, for in the subsequent history of the city there is more of her spirit than that of cooing doves. Besides, for the incredulous, is there not a Greek inscription found where now stands the church of San Giovanni, which corroborates the tradition that the Siren was buried there!

But the best proof is to follow the story of this city of continual changes, and to note the one thing that is constant, the character of its foundress. Its fascination draws men towards it. Its charm is seen in its allurements, its claws in damp dungeons which make even casual visitors shiver. Truly, it is the city of the Siren.

Of this we are certain, that it was the Greeks who chose the site. Ever westward the progress of civilisation moved. The forerunners of Columbus were those who set out from the safe ports of Greece and steered into the unknown vastness of the Mediterranean. The high peak of Epomeo on the Island of Ischia first attracted those wanderers. There is a certain security from enemies about a sea-girt island. On the hinterland of the mainland there are unexplored regions which may hide undreamed-of foes. Therefore the first colonists selected a resting-place whose battlements were the waves. That was good judgment as far as man was concerned, but in those days Nature had to be taken into account. The innocence of Epomeo was deceptive, and there are worse enemies than Barbarians. The giant under the mountain began to move in his troubled sleep. He did not like these foreigners, and one day he gave them a surprise by hurling forth flames and rocks. Even to-day we are not quite sure of him; for in the eighties of

last century he destroyed by earthquake 1700 people and levelled the town of Casamicciola.

These early settlers thought it best to face even unknown dangers rather than those whose horrors warned them that they had pitched their tents too near the gloomy portals of Pluto. Therefore they moved off the island and settled at Cumae. They chose well, for Nature had already prepared for them a ready-made acropolis, which—if it had not the sea—had more solid walls of rock as a defence. Here they seemed to thrive. Religion took up its abode in a cave, in the person of the Sibyl. Virgil thus describes her abode :

> " A spacious cave, within its farmost parts,
> Was hewed and fashioned by laborious arts
> Through the hill's hollow sides : before the place
> An hundred doors, an hundred entries grace ;
> As many voices issue, and the sound
> Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound."
>
> Virgil, *Aeneid VI*, 42.

Here things went well with the colonists. The land was fertile, and the people increased in population and goods. They began to spread out, and moved along the Gulf of Pozzuoli until they came to the Point Gaiola, and here they said, " Let us build a city." This was about the year 850 B.C. Men were great city builders in those days ; they had to be, for life was precarious, and walls were a necessity. So on this dominant height Palaeopolis raised its towers. It became the mother city, and Parthenope, situated where Naples now stands, was its daughter. When the latter grew up and came of age, she began to look down on her old mother. She called herself the new woman, or rather new city, Neapolis, and being more go-ahead than her parent attracted

residents. Besides, anyone can see that she had the better situation of the two ; and so poor old Palaeopolis, outdone by her daughter, lost heart, and fell prematurely into decadence.

It was then that the mother city made a mistake, and the daughter did a mean thing. The Palaeopolitans had not sized up the Romans, the growing power to the north, and by a series of pin-pricks roused their anger. In 328 B.C. the consul, Publius Philo, marched against them. Palaeopolis put up a good fight and might have beaten off her enemies and thus changed the history of the Roman Empire, had not her daughter the New City turned traitor. The latter made terms with Rome, and stood by while her mother was despoiled. The Romans did things thoroughly in those days, and when they were finished with Palaeopolis there was nothing of it left, not even a sprig of hope out of which its former grandeur might grow again. History does not always give its rewards in the fashion of good story books. The villain prospers—but then history is not finished yet. Neapolis was granted the rights of an allied city, "foederata civitas," and became a dependency of Rome.

One must not perhaps be too hard on the daughter. After all, in keeping with her name she was wiser than her mother. She saw what was what, and recognised that old-fashioned isolated dignity belonged to the past, and that the future lay with co-operation. Therefore she flung her mother overboard and threw in her lot with the advancing fortunes of Rome. History declares that she did the wise thing if not the heroic and she redeemed her character by faithfulness to her new alliance. In 280 B.C. she stood up to Pyrrhus, and even dared to resist Hannibal, in Rome's dark days.

Unity had its dangers, and the civil wars of Rome were even more terrible than her foreign ones. Unfortunately Neapolis backed the wrong horse when she

supported Marius, and Sulla took his revenge in the usual way by pretty nearly annihilating its male population. But the Bay of Naples was meant to have a city, and Sulla was powerless to strive against Nature. The city rose from its ruins and flourished, while the moss grew on Sulla's tomb. It was promoted to a "municipium," and then to a "colony."

When the Romans conquered Southern Italy there was one thing which conquered them, and that was the Greek influence dominant there. Neapolis was a centre of that. Greek manners and literature appealed to the Roman aristocracy; and not liking perhaps to practise them too much in the Capital, they resorted to the shores of the Bay of Naples, and built villas and theatres after the Grecian style.

In the Augustan age Neapolis became a centre of fashion. It was the period of the world's greatest luxury, when the Son of God had to borrow His cradle from the cattle. The greatest millionaires of our time have not displayed their riches in the same lavish way as the Romans of this period. Pliny incidentally speaks of a certain Paulina whose dress cost £432,000 and adds that it was not her best one! From Puteoli southward the Bay of Naples was lined with marble villas whose magnificence has never been surpassed. Time hung heavily on a slave-tended aristocracy, and eating—unfortunately—became too frequently, to those starved imaginations, the only form of culture they understood.

Of those days of grandeur few relics are left. In the façade of San Paolo Maggiore you may trace two Corinthian columns and part of an architrave. These belonged to the temple of Castor and Pollux, whose worship was observed in all ancient ports. Later on I shall take you to Paestum, and there in the stately ruins of its great temples you will see a sample of the architecture

which lined the shores of the Bay of Naples, and dazzled the eye as the sun flashed on the polished marble.

The Neapolis of those days comprised a fairly square town stretching eastwards from the Via Roma to where the railway station now stands, with streets running at right angles. During the empire it enjoyed great prosperity, and was the home of the celebrated poets. Virgil, Statius, and Silius Italicus.

The first great disaster which befell Naples was during the Gothic wars. This time the city again made a wrong choice. It backed the Goths. I am not sure but that in this its judgment was better than its discretion, for the Goths had been good rulers and had governed a united Italy. Not until our own times was Italy again united, and much of her misery during these fourteen centuries was a result of the overthrow of the Goths. It came about through the scouting faculties of a soldier in the army of Belisarius. He noticed that an aqueduct had run dry and thus left a channel through which men might steal into the city undetected. Fatal loop-hole! So Naples fell to Constantinople, and though six years later in A.D. 542, Totila recaptured it, his occupation was only temporary; it was recovered by Narses ten years afterwards, and became a Duchy under the exarchate of Ravenna. The Lombard invasion which overran Italy did nothing more than threaten Naples; while that city, seizing the opportunity of a bitter controversy about the worshipping of images, threw off its allegiance to the Eastern emperors and formed itself into a free state with its own Duke, and republican form of government. Church disputes are not unmixed evils. The images which had caused the trouble were soon shelved, but Naples remained independent for four hundred years. That was enough to give it a veneration for images in the future. It owed to them four centuries of freedom. During that period it tried the experiment

of uniting crown and mitre, and its dukes became also bishops. The sanctity was merely nominal! Yet perhaps it was the mitre which fostered arts and letters. A certain Giovanni, the Deacon, in A.D. 950 wrote a manuscript entitled *Lives of the Bishops*, whose chief merit is its chronology.

It is remarkable on what small points history turns. The wind on a certain day veering a point or two westwards, drove a ship returning from the Holy Land into Salerno for shelter. On board were a number of fair-haired Normans thirsting for adventure. The moment was opportune. The Saracens, unluckily for themselves, chose that very time for swooping down on Salerno, thinking that it would be an easy prey. But the Arab to the Norman was like the cat to the dog. With the keenness of terriers these Northmen were out and after their old enemies, while the grateful citizens of Salerno looked on at their foes being throttled. When the Normans had finished there were no Saracens left to go home. The fame of this exploit spread through Italy like wild-fire, and the Duke of Naples was one of the first to profit by it. In this he was a penny wise and a pound foolish. Harassed by Pandulf the "Wolf of the Abruzzi," he called in Rainulf, the leader of this band. "The Wolf" was driven to his den, and then came the payment of the bill. Duke Sergius gave the Normans Aversa; but that was like throwing a sop to a pack of wolves. They wanted more, and helped themselves, until Sergius sadly realised that "The Wolf of the Abruzzi" was tame, in comparison with his voracious benefactors. So the Normans got a foothold and kept it. From that day on to A.D. 1137 when King Roger I, formerly known as Count Roger II. of Sicily, rode into Naples in triumph through the Porta Capuana, the city had seen its fate and the end of its Republic gradually approaching.

Photo *Underwood Press Service*

THE "LAZZARONI" OF NAPLES

The "Lazzaroni" of the underworld are disappearing rapidly under recent improvements which are destroying their haunts, yet they are by no means an extinct species. They are a motley community living in a mixture of odours.

Then followed " Bad " and " Good " ; both Williams, the latter redeeming the character of the former. Next, the Hohenstaufens took a hand in the game, (as if they had not been sowing enough dragons' teeth already !) the fruit of which was a harvest of tragedy for Naples. The Emperor Henry VI. won the crown of The Two Sicilies not by the sword but through marriage. He tried the first method, and almost succeeded, for he besieged Naples which was loyal to Tancred, Roger's illegitimate son. Nature which has done so much for the city came to its rescue in an unusual way. Hot breezes blew on the invader's camp, turning the fields into an inferno, and the huge army of Henry melted away ; he was truly in liquidation through the heat !

His wife, however, being the daughter of Roger I, brought him the kingdom in a natural way on the death of Tancred. That should have appeased him, and he ought not to have shown his gratitude for a crown in an unnatural way. But we must remember the Siren sleeping under the city, and the fiendish joy of her spirit, as in the loathsome dungeons the prisoners with sighs and groans gasped out their lives. These were sounds which were to become, alas, more familiar in Naples.

When Henry died in A.D. 1187 Costanza, his widow, made a bad bargain, which was eventually to deluge Italy with blood. The latter looked very innocent at first ; the thin edge of the wedge was so thin as to be almost indiscernible. She wished the support of the Romish Church, and lightly acknowledged her son's dominions as a fief of the papal power. The popes never overlooked that impulsive concession ; it was docketed for future use. Frederick II, the son of Constanza, grew up to be a king with a mind of his own, and the latter part of his life became a struggle between himself and the Pope, each trying to keep the other in his place. The Pope had always the mother's authority to fall back

upon. Had she not put her son under the Pope's jurisdiction? The emperor refused to be bound by his mother's apron strings, especially after she was dead. Hence arose the terrible struggle between Guelfs and Ghibellines, which shook Italy to its foundations. Frederick had other sides to his character than those which evoked papal excommunications. He was fond of study, gathered round him the learned men of Europe, and laid the foundations of a University at Naples. His ideas on religion were unconventional, which no doubt was one reason why he was such a handful for the popes; and modern rationalism traces one of its sources to his freethought.

The subsequent ups and downs of Ghibellines and Guelfs are a perfect see-saw of history; and though to understand Naples thoroughly these should be mastered, for each has left traces in character and mortar, yet our space is too limited to give more than an outline.

Conrad succeeded his father Frederick, in A.D. 1250, and Naples again made one of its blunders. It turned Guelf just when everybody in the neighbourhood was becoming Ghibelline. The natural result was that it found itself in a painful minority, and besieged by the Emperor's army. He did not disdain the help of the Saracens, but even then it took him ten months to capture the city. Once more the Siren sang, and the echo of her cruel song could be heard in the wail of the tortured. The Pope enraged, looked round for someone to give the kingdom of Naples to. He offered it as a present to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and brother of the King of England; then to Edward, his nephew. But the gift of a crown went a-begging, especially when it had first to be won by the recipient. If the English were too wary to pull the nuts out of the fire for the Pope, he nevertheless succeeded in getting Charles of Anjou to try his luck. It was really a toss-up; but this time the

Photo *Alinari*

THE LITTLE HARBOUR OF FARALIONI, CAPRI

The " Piccola Marina " is a picturesque bathing resort where imposing rocks are mirrored in limpid waters.

coin fell with the crown uppermost. A traitor opened the gates of Benevento to the army of Charles, and Manfred, who had succeeded Conrad, was trapped and slain. The conqueror now made Naples the capital of the "Two Sicilies" and celebrated his victory in the usual way. So the Siren sang again.

A young man in Germany heard that song. It was Conradin the youthful son of Conrad. He was only seventeen, and a youth of great promise. In vain his mother begged him not to venture. But he had heard the cries of his oppressed people, and did not recognise that it was the old Siren luring him, another victim, to his fate. At Tagliacozzo (August 23rd, 1268) the talons of that evil spirit gripped him, when his army was shattered by Charles. That king had an astute general named St. Valery. This officer hid a strong force of mounted men in a valley, with the king in command. Meanwhile St. Valery flung the rest of his army against the invaders. His attack was repulsed with great loss, but it was just as he had expected, though he had great difficulty in comforting his sovereign—enraged at seeing the flower of his troops broken—by saying that it was all in accordance with plan. Conradin with the optimism of youth thought he had won a glorious victory when he saw the enemy run. He sent part of his cavalry in pursuit, and released his soldiers to plunder, while his knights took off their helmets, and some bathed in the cool river. It was then St. Valery gave the order to charge. Out of the valley dashed that phalanx of lances with King Charles at their head. The supposed victors were caught unawares. The battle was not over as they had thought, but only beginning; they were to be the plundered, and not the plunderers. Conradin might have escaped had it not been for his generous heart and his bejewelled ring. He did reach the shore and had started northward in a fishing-boat. Perhaps it was

because he had no loose change about him that he gave the fisherman his ring. I have seen young men of the same age as generously reckless. The good deed met with an evil reward, for the man too quickly sold the ring at the nearest tavern; perhaps he was thirsty. The host saw his chance of a deal, and took it post haste to the Lord of the castle. This was Frangipani who ought to have been grateful to the fugitive emperor for benefits received in the past; but he was now looking to the future and he saw a chance of winning the favour of the victorious Charles. It is the world in a nut-shell. He launched a swifter boat and pursued the fugitive until he caught him, and brought him back a prisoner to Naples. Then followed the greatest tragedy in the history of the city. Every town has its black page, but none surely so grim as this. On the 29th of October its citizens crowded out to see the scaffold raised in the Mercato. On it stood the fair-haired boy-emperor, and beside him, true to the last, his school friend, Frederick of Baden. They embraced each other for the last time and Conradin stepped first to the block. He paused for one moment, took off his glove, and flung it to the crowd. It was caught by a German knight, Heinrich von Waldburg, and the Siren laughed; for he bequeathed it to the last of the Hohenstaufens, and it was a bequest of blood. Then the youthful monarch prayed "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and laid his head on the block; but before the blow was struck he raised it once more for a moment and cried, "Oh, mother!" Then the axe fell, and his friend Frederick screamed. It was his turn next. Was it an echo of the Siren's song?

Revenge came fourteen years later, and though it seemed delayed it accumulated at compound interest. The scene was not Naples but Palermo, yet the one deed was so much the sequel of the other, that it is well to note how far the glove of the royal martyr carried. It

was Easter Day A.D. 1282, and the French conquerors had grown accustomed to bask in the sunshine of success, forgetting that they dwelt in the land of eruptions. This one burst with a suddenness and deadliness which left no escape. A dagger was placed at every Frenchman's throat, and when the massacre was complete, Conradin had been avenged a hundred times over. This dark deed has been called the "Sicilian Vespers"; might it not more truthfully be termed the Siren's Dirge?

CHAPTER VI

THE SIREN'S SONG

THE student of history grows dizzy as he tries to follow the varied fortunes of Guelf and Ghibelline. Into what a maze of tragedies did these warring factions lead poor Italy, until it entirely lost its way out! In a sense, the defeats of Charles I. who was King of Naples helped the city. Having lost Sicily he had to transfer his capital from Palermo to Naples, and did his utmost to make the latter worthy of its new rank. He began the Castel Nuovo, which was completed by his son. This picturesque fortress with its Angevin towers and moat, adds distinction to the city; so it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. Peter III. of Aragon did unwittingly a service to Naples when he seized Sicily, and actually shattered the Neapolitan fleet in its own bay. It was a grim day when the news spread that all the ships were lost, and that actually the king's son, Charles the Lame, had been captured. But if that had not happened there would have been no Castel Nuovo, the city would have been shorn of one of its most attractive features.

Promises, even the most sacred, were easily made and broken in those days. In A.D. 1288 Charles was released from prison, and succeeded his father who had died three years earlier. In return for his freedom he promised to give up all claim on Sicily. In the joy of liberty and the ambition of a throne he forgot his vows. A Pope who could absolve one from his oaths was a convenient friend to have, and Charles, like many another sovereign, became a puppet in more designing hands. The Vatican did not want peace in Southern Italy. With the king-

Photo [illegible]

CAPRI CASTIGLIONE

The ruined castle of Castiglione on the top of the cliff is mediaeval although its stones were quarried in all likelihood from one of the villas of Tiberius. It was here, on May 12th, 1806, that the British Force fought the decisive action by which they captured Capri.

doms of Naples and Sicily at each other's throats, it had more security for other matters. Disease at last checkmated this policy of blood. Charles of Valois, who had been incited by the Pope to invade Sicily, found himself opposed by a more shadowy and yet more deadly enemy than the troops of Frederick. Again the story of Sennacherib's defeat was repeated.

> " For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
> And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
> And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
> still ! "

The Angevins had to renounce their claims on Sicily once more, but cunningly they resorted to the method of marriage in order to secure their ends : Frederick was to marry Leonora, daughter of Charles. The Pope did not like this peaceful way of settling a feud, but in A.D. 1303 he had to ratify the treaty. The scheme, however, did not work out according to plan. Promises, even royal ones, were but " scraps of paper." When Charles II. died, Frederick went more Ghibelline than ever ; he allied himself with the emperor Henry VII. and proclaimed his son Peter his successor. Thus he incited Robert " The Wise," the son of Charles, to display his lack of wisdom, in repeated invasions of Sicily. The Siren must have sung softly in mockery again, as Robert attracted to his brilliant court at Naples the learned men of Europe—Boccaccio and Petrarch, and the painters Giotto and Timo di Camaino. While Art and Poetry flourished under the patronage of " The Wise " so also did bloodshed and cruelty.

But the Siren's voice was to grow shriller yet, and to usher out the Angevin dynasty in a crescendo of horror, all the more terrible that queenly hands were to stain themselves with crime. In A.D. 1328 Robert was suc-

ceeded by his granddaughter Joanna. Gay, passionate, there are many questions one would like to ask her. One morning her husband, Andrew of Hungary, was found hanging strangled by a silken cord from the balcony of their palace. Who was the culprit? When the brother of the murdered man marched on Naples Joanna fled. If she had not harboured a guilty conscience, would she have been likely to have made such a lavish gift to the Pope as that of Avignon for which she received in return his blessing and absolution? The reader feels there is something behind those acts. Guilt will peep out. Yet crime seemed to succeed. Joanna had chosen as second husband Louis of Taranto, and the two were crowned at Naples by the Pope's legate in A.D. 1352. Joanna excused herself for her former unfaithfulness to her first husband by attributing her lapse to witchcraft, a handy pretext which seemingly the Pope accepted. Somebody had to be made a scapegoat, and King Louis of Hungary, who was the brother of the murdered Andrew, had the Duke of Durazzo hung over the same balcony, though not with a silken cord.

The descent to Avernus was rapid. The fashion of murders having been set, they followed in quick succession, that of Robert, the son of Admiral Ugo del Balzo being particularly shocking. Queen Maria, to whom he had rather forcibly proposed, had him imprisoned in the Castel Nuovo, and then entered with four executioners and caused him to be done to death before her eyes. Meanwhile Joanna took another husband, James, the Infante of Majorca, and when he died she married again Otto of Brunswick. But to recount half the deeds of this woman would fill one with nausea. The last act serves as an antidote, for Charles III. had her smothered with a bolster in the Castel Nuovo. Do you not hear the Siren?

The career of Joanna I. was but a stepping-stone to

that of Joanna II. She was the sister of Ladislaus, whose reign had been one of turmoil. He died in A.D. 1414, possessor of his crown, but with little else to his credit. Joanna was a worthy sister to such a brother. He had kept a harem in the Castel dell'Uovo ; her list of lovers is so long that one loses count. Jacques, Comte de la Marche, one of her husbands, had tried to shorten it by putting to death her principal favourite. His high-handedness, however, stirred up such opposition that Jacques was glad to renounce the perilous position of consort to such a queen, and hide himself behind a cowl. Joanna died in the year A.D. 1435, after a reign into which she had crowded tragedies enough to suffice a dozen monarchs, and with her ended the first line of Anjou.

Alphonso, the Magnanimous, who succeeded, introduced the new dynasty of Aragon. True to his nickname he permitted his soldiers to sack Naples for only four hours, and once firmly seated on his throne, he made his University a great centre of learning. His own coat-of-arms was an open book. He was not without his domestic tragedies. What king could be whose palace was built over the tomb of a Siren ! His wife, Margaret of Castile, strangled his mistress who had been the mother of Ferdinand, his successor. His son Ferdinand and grandson Alfonso II. rivalled each other in cruelty and ghoulishness. A relic of that can still be seen in the Castel Nuovo, where the grisly salted bodies of four of their victims are still preserved. One is a strangled Cardinal writhing in his last agony ; the others are two noblemen and a princess. This royal pair, when the fit of hatred seized them, used to descend into the vaults and feast their eyes on the tortured bodies of their enemies. Truly a Siren habit ! They can never be forgiven for their grim joke—save the expression !—at the marriage feast of the Duke of Amalfi's daughter. All the leading nobles

were invited to the splendid banquet, which was held in the room of the castle now known as the Sala dei Baroni. The Duke of Salerno, head of the House of Sanseverini, alone was absent. He was too wise a fox to enter the trap, or as he put it in a scribble on his palace gate when he fled in disguise to France : " Passero vecchio non entra in caggiola " (an old sparrow does not enter the cage). When the feast was at its merriest, and beauty and wit at their gayest, the royal host and his son burst into laughter. Beside each chair suddenly stood an executioner. The bridegroom was torn from his bride, and the guests driven into the dungeons of the castle to be butchered. Neither sex nor age was respected Wives as well as their husbands suffered a terrible fate. It proved a dear banquet to all parties. If a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, Alphonso and Ferdinand made a wrong exchange that day. They filled their pockets with the wealth of their murdered guests, which was soon spent ; but for all time they lost their good name. " On fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed "—with Nero ! That is how we would adapt for them the famous quotation.

Something worse took place in the Church of San Leonardo, to which a few barons and their wives escaped for refuge. What happened there has never been divulged, but the memory of its horror so haunted Alphonso that he fled terror-stricken at the approach of the French under Charles VIII, and hid himself in Sicily, abdicating in favour of his son.

But enough of these Aragonese rulers ! A historian cannot deny that there was some good mixed with the dross, otherwise how can we account for the Neapolitans welcoming them back with even greater demonstrations of joy than those with which they had hailed their ejectors ? Without doubt their Spanish extravagance flung a glamour over the Court at Naples, and their

patronage of Art and Literature added distinction to the capital.

With their passing, in A.D. 1516, the Kingdom of Naples was taken over by the Emperor Charles V, and he and his successors ruled it through viceroys, whose principal duty seemed to be to extract tribute. Amongst them, however, were some patriotic men. Don Pedro de Toledo was one of the best. He was liberal in his outlook, and while he held office Protestantism established itself in the city and spread with great rapidity. This alarmed the Vatican, and the Inquisition was instituted in its most terrible form. Perhaps nowhere else in Europe did it crush all opposition with such cruelty, and again the Siren must have sung, that such deeds of torture should be wrought under the name of religion.

Naples endured this bleeding process until human nature could stand it no longer. In A.D. 1598 a revolution broke out under the leadership of Tommaso Campanella. But he was a philosopher, and something more practical than theories, however true, is needed to shatter the power of tyranny. This outbreak was confined to Calabria, and ended with innumerable gibbets.

The rising in Naples had more of romance about it. The principal characters, thrown into the limelight for nine thrilling days, have each a dash of genius and individuality. They came from the opposite poles of society, and were pitted against each other in the strangest of arenas. The plotter behind the scene was an old priest possessed of revolutionary ideas ; but he was outwitted in the end by another priest, no less than a cardinal who had graduated in cunning in the school of the Vatican. These men really pulled the strings, though their puppets did not dance always in accordance with their will. Giulio Genoino, the old priest, looked round for a suitable tool, and he picked one up in the

gutter. This was Tommaso Anello, whose name became shortened into "Mas'aniello." He had more than a grudge against the authorities. He was a raw lad, passionate and impulsive. Hunger and insult had inflamed his soul. The old priest saw in him a seething volcano, and judged that he might make a suitable crater through which popular indignation might find a vent. Events conspired to further the project. At the Feast of the Madonna del Carmine on July 16th, it was the custom to have mimic battles between supposed Turks and Christians. The year was A.D. 1647, and the tragic memories of Saracen cruelty were too recent to be forgotten. The old priest saw that Masaniello was selected as captain of one of the bands of the Alabri. Before the Feast there were days of drill in which the several companies who were going to take part in the sham fight learned the use of their weapons, which were long sticks. The authorities looked on indulgently. This was a yearly affair. There might be some breaking of heads, but that would be all. However, the fact that the old priest was in his eightieth year, and that if he was to do anything it must be done now, was an unforseen factor in the case. Now or never, had to be his watchword.

His enemy at the other end of the arena rather unexpectedly hustled the old priest. He did it unconsciously, in the manner of the blundering viceroys, who in the name of the King of Spain had misruled Naples. Of all times he chose this moment of discontent to put a tax on fruit. He might have known that a Neapolitan will stand anything but that. On Sunday, July 7th, the bomb-shell which the priest had secretly set for nine days later, suddenly exploded. Under the blazing sun of Naples it does not take much to make passion flame into action. A peasant and a stall-holder quarrelled as to who was to pay the tax. One man more excited than

the rest flung his basket of fruit on the ground, and said things against the government which the guard, in decency, could not overlook, and not realising how near the precipice they stood they began to beat the man. His cries were heard by Masaniello and his band. Conscious that he had a following, the fisher lad rushed to the rescue. The guard had to take to their heels, headed by their officer. This was a new sight in Naples, and as it is an animal instinct to join in pursuit, Masaniello soon found he had the whole populace behind him as he led the chase. The magistrate only just saved himself by leaping into a boat; but now the mob, encouraged by their numbers, sought higher game. Their ambitions increased with their size, and this dare-devil of a fish-vendor saw everyone looking to him for orders. These he gave without hesitancy. Some men are born to command, and instinctively the crowd felt the authority of this wastrel of the streets. Part of his force he dispatched to break down the offices of the tax-collectors. Then, mounting a horse, he headed with the rest of his motley army for the palace of the Viceroy. All the scum of Naples seemed to fall in behind him, and as if by magic obeyed his slightest order.

The Viceroy made an attempt at diplomacy. Coming out on his balcony, he began to promise everything; but unfortunately in the din of voices his words could not be heard. The front door crashed, and the howling mob were already inside the palace. It was time to make an undignified retreat by a secret stair. He slipped out into a back street and entering a coach galloped off; but every way was barred; the whole town seemed to have risen. He was held up, dragged from his carriage, and that might have been the end of him had his presence of mind not suggested a desperate expedient. Pulling out a handful of gold coins he flung them amongst the crowd, and as everyone scrambled for the money he

dashed into the Church of San Luigi. It was here that the cleverest brain came into action. The Cardinal Archbishop Ascanio Filomarino promptly drew a red herring across the scent. Quickly getting the Viceroy to sign a paper abolishing all taxes on provisions, he rushed out amongst the crowd waving the document triumphantly in his hand. A scrap of paper means a lot to the Italian mind, and the mob caught the apparent enthusiasm of their Archbishop and followed him, unconscious that he was drawing them away from their prey. When the coast was clear the Viceroy lost no time in making good his escape.

Meanwhile Masaniello was virtual Dictator. From a platform in the Piazza del Mercato he issued orders and passed sentences which were immediately carried into effect. His personality, so calm and confident, cast a spell over the people. He was ready for every emergency, and guided affairs with a skill which nonplussed his foes. From the arsenals he equipped his followers with arms, and from the prison with recruits thirsting for revenge. His weakness lay in his religious sentiment. He greeted the Cardinal with lowly homage, bowing and kissing his hand, and never suspected a traitor's heart behind the sacerdotal robes. Don Gabriele speaking of this dignitary says : " He knew well how to whistle the birds into his net." Even when lured into the Church of the Carmine, to be met by a volley, all the bullets of which miraculously missed their target, Masaniello had still no suspicions, and with the reverent obedience of a child of the Church followed the Cardinal's counsels.

On the ninth day the end came. The strain had been terrific. Excitement, lack of sleep, the knowledge that the assassin was ever watching for an unguarded moment, made this youth of twenty-four almost lose his mental balance. From the pulpit of the Carmine Church where he had delivered a frenzied oration, he was led, by the

Photo *Ballance*

STREET SCENE IN CAPRI

This is a street scene in Capri. Here the women have a splendid carriage, due to carrying their burdens on their heads and climbing with them up long streets of stairs.

Cardinal's orders, into the dormitory of the monks. There he heard a friend calling from another room, and opened the door—to be met this time by a better-aimed volley. The Cardinal had won, and the fickle people shouted on the side of the victors as they dragged the dead body of their benefactor through the streets, and if ever the Siren sang it must have been then. True, they repented within a short space, and gave him a royal burial, but tears cannot wipe out treachery !

The checkered history of Naples still went on, filling its periods alternately with revolutionary red and aristocratic blue. In A.D. 1734 the Bourbons came on the scene for good or ill. A royal court once more in Naples brought trade and reputation to the city. The change had to be for the better, as it could not be for the worse : the limit in that direction had been reached !

Charles III. had a difficult task, but his love of display appealed to a people with a passion for bright colour. Intellectual and architectural ostentation formed part of his scheme to impress. He attracted learning, and transformed his streets by a false Baroque into apeing a grandeur they did not possess. Yet, withal, beneath this hollow show he laid the foundations of a State which promised well, but which, alas, like the Baroque ideal in which it was cradled, betrayed the fact that it was all shell and little kernel.

If Ferdinand, the son of Charles III, had possessed brains, he might have given substance to the shadowy and showy ideals of his father, but as he preferred to sell his fish in the market-place, naturally the popular conception of kingship suffered. He did one clever thing, however, he married a woman endowed with what he lacked, ambition and push. She was Maria Carolina, the daughter of the empress Maria Theresa, and therefore inherited the instinct for governing. She found it easy to practise the art on her husband, on the State it

was another matter; but she showed discretion, in choosing as her henchman John Acton, an Englishman, who managed to discard Spanish influence and secured a *rapprochement* with England and Austria.

The French Revolution broke into European history at this point, and upset all stable equilibrium. Alarmed by the execution of Marie Antoinette, Maria Carolina instituted a tyranny of repression. All liberty was denied to the subject; even the books on which he fed his mind were censored. To be found reading Voltaire meant death. Naples became the scene of tragedy on tragedy, as the most enlightened citizens were torn from their homes and flung into dungeons. The most fortunate were those executed on the spot. The Siren's song grew fiercer!

The reaction might have come sooner, had it not been for Nelson. His fleet, fresh from the laurels of the battle of the Nile, and his own presence, were a check to smouldering revolution. Had not Lady Hamilton, with the accomplished art of the actress, fainted with emotion in that hero's arms, and touched his sentiments, history might have taken a different turn for Naples. Nelson became her slave, and she was a tool in the hand of the clever queen.

At last the inevitable happened. The French army advanced. It had many supporters in the city—and in its dungeons, thanks to the queen's persecution. Ferdinand, after making brave speeches and inciting his followers to put up a stout defence, showed what he thought of the chances by laying his hands on all the money he could find, and fleeing to Palermo.

The French general, Championnet, at last took Naples, after severe street fighting, and set up the "Parthenopean Republic." It was a fatal name, too suggestive of the Siren, and like its namesake lured many to their fate, the most noted of these being Admiral Caracciolo. The

Republic only lasted five months, and capitulated on 23rd June, 1799. The honours of war and safe-conduct were granted by Cardinal Ruffo, who was in command of the victorious Royalists; but the rage of the Queen would brook no such promises. To her they were "scraps of paper." So one hundred and twenty of those who had trusted the Cardinal's word paid for their faith on the scaffold erected in the Piazza del Mercato.

The case of the admiral affects British honour, and has tarnished the fair fame of Nelson. The Queen was thirsting for revenge. Lady Hamilton echoed her sentiments, and at this time Nelson chose to consider himself acting as much for the King of Naples as for his own sovereign. Nelson had the Admiral court-martialled and hung from the yard-arm of the *Minerva*—another victim for the Siren!

The tables turned once more when Napoleon's army entered Naples on February 4th, 1806, and the gutters ran with blood again, as Royalist conspirators were dragged forth from their hiding-places, made to stand before the firing-squad, and shot. Joseph, Napoleon's brother, who was placed on the throne, introduced a kind of benevolent despotism. He was followed by Murat, who became heady with his new power, and even sought to throw off the authority of Napoleon himself, though he nobly redeemed his character when his master escaped from Elba and needed his sword.

When Napoleon fell, the Bourbons came back to fill up their cup of execution and imprisonments. Ferdinand, under threat from the Carbonari, a secret organisation, granted a semi-liberal constitution; but the moment he found himself safely out of Naples and beyond the reach of the reformers, he repudiated his promises, and with the help of an Austrian army re-established himself as absolute monarch once more. The scaffold took its usual toll, and the Siren sang her old song.

Ferdinand died in 1825, his son Francis in 1830, and Ferdiand II. came to the throne with the usual hopes; but soon the drift from Liberalism set in, and autocracy established itself behind its bulwarks of police, spies, and priests. In 1844 the first match was set to the new revolutionary spirit which was spreading, but it merely sputtered and went out. It cost the two Venetian brothers, Bandiera, their lives. Yet the sacrifice was not in vain. Their tragic end kindled a flame of sympathy throughout all Italy, and taught Mazzini and his followers a lesson in caution.

The next rising, under Ruggero Settimo in 1848, though confined to Sicily, affected Naples. The King took fright and granted a constitution, but the good mood only lasted until, by the help of Swiss regiments and through the foolishness of some of the reformers themselves, he was able to dissolve the parliament. Then followed the recapture of Sicily, and the filling of the Neapolitan prisons, until their awful conditions of crowding and filth roused the wrath of Gladstone, who branded the Bourbon régime as, "the negation of God erected into a system of Government."

Ferdinand resented such foreign interference, though at the instigation of Great Britain he eventually commuted many of the sentences to exile. He died in 1859, and his son Francis came to the throne at a very critical moment. On May 11th Garibaldi, with his one thousand followers, landed at Marsala in Sicily, and fought his way with astonishing success across the island. The King, now thoroughly alarmed, granted a constitution, and offered Garibaldi a large sum of money if he would not advance farther. But the popular movement had set in, and one might as well try to sweep back the ocean with a broomstick. Garibaldi outstepped his own army, and with a daring that not only paralyzed his enemies but electrified Europe and especially Britain, entered

Photo *Wehrli*

A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF CAPRI

The town of Capri sits on the saddle of the island, and its shops make it a miniature Paris for the variety of their contents—and their prices. A funicular connects it with the Grand Harbour, 400 ft. below.

Naples single-handed, and drove through the crowded streets under the very guns of the Bourbons, daring them to fire. It was one of the greatest days in the history of the city. The whole population was stirred to the very depths by the fearless personality of the hero, and such madness does a nation good. It showed that, after all, the heart of this great city beat true. It had endured many a black day, and its ears had listened to the cruel song of the Siren long enough. Now a new day had dawned for it and Italy. Naples came into line with the progressive north, and took its place in a United Italy. When the Bourbons had finally been routed, it welcomed later Victor Emmanuel, and has had ever since a warm side to the Royal Family, and nowhere do its members get a more enthusiastic welcome than in this ancient city.

CHAPTER VII

ENCHANTED GROUND

IF any spot on earth is entitled to be called Enchanted Ground it is surely the Phlegræan Fields, which lie to the west of Naples. The glamour which bewitches the spot is not merely that of myth; it has marvels for the living eye to-day which awe and terrify. Nature has outlived fantasy. The centuries have transformed the latter into the dream of poets; but the sullen, mysterious force which makes you feel the Earth's hot breath and hear its groans, still exists as of old. Here, more I think than on the summit of Vesuvius, you come in touch with those fiery agencies which are ceaselessly at work below our feet, and realise what a Liliputian man is.

For this excursion my advice is, to charter a car and a guide. Shall I describe a day in those romantic regions, and if inclined you may take a leaf from my book? This wonderland is little explored by the passing tourist. Vesuvius, Pompeii, Capri, Naples itself, fill the programme of the ordinary sight-seer, and he so often goes on his way oblivious of the fact that he has missed the most entrancing sight of all!

As the incident is an amusing sidelight on Neapolitan character, I may be allowed to recount an experience which once befell me the night before starting on this visit. Incidentally it contains a hint to fellow-travellers to avoid the dignity of a first-floor bedroom in their hotels. My host—and none could make his guests more comfortable—had reserved for us what I take it was his choicest room. It was to the front on the first-floor,

Photo *Ballance*

A BIT OF OLD CAPRI

In this view of old Capri one can see how the Moors have left their trace in the architecture of the buildings.

with a window opening out on a most magnificent panorama of Vesuvius and the Bay. It was difficult to tear oneself away from the view, even to dream of it. The dreaming had not gone on for long when I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. Surely nothing less urgent than a fire could be the cause of such an alarm ! I jumped from my bed and opened the door, to find the manager in a state of agitation. He had seen that I had left our windows open. Of course I had : not merely that I might close my eyes on the beauty of the scene ; but, it being a June night, and a scirocco one at that, I was anxious to catch every breath of air to waft me into dreamland. But there are strict police regulations that at night all first-floor windows must be closed. Had I not seen the notice ? Yes, I had ; but I thought that it must have referred to war time, and Italian-like had not been removed. No, it was recent and imperative. Burglars had actually flung light ladders up to first-floors, and while innocent strangers slept, had robbed them of their money. With a bad grace I shut the windows, and next morning asked for a fourth-floor room to the back. If I sacrificed luxury and view, I got in exchange peace of mind, and the cool breath of heaven. The choice of one's hotel is important for English people unaccustomed to Italian sauces, and many a day of sight-seeing is either lost or spoiled because of the dinner on the previous night. An hotel whose cook can be trusted to play no tricks with sensitive organs saves time as well as pains.

Early next morning our car and guide are waiting, and soon we are threading our way westwards through the busy traffic which links up the increasing trade of Pozzuoli with that of Naples. The hundreds of people hurrying on their errands do not look like denizens of enchanted ground, and possibly only one in a hundred has felt the mystic spell that thrills the tourist.

Suddenly out of the modern hurly-burly our car turns to the right and stops in front of a tablet. We are in the presence of the guardian spirit of this region of romance. It is fitting that we should do homage at the shrine of Virgil, whose poetic wand has cast its magic over the land we are about to enter. We read the old epitaph, which he himself is supposed to have composed :

> " Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces."

We look into the little vault where the ashes of the great poet may have been placed in their urn, and our minds are busy with a past when fields and flowers and the love of adventure all found expression in the sweet-flowing lines of Rome's great poet. To stifle doubt, the offspring of modern criticism, we recall the evidence which supports the view that we are really on the soil hallowed by that sacred dust.

Virgil had gone to Greece to complete his Æneid, when he received an invitation from Augustus to accompany him to Rome. He embarked with the Emperor at Megara, but falling ill, the voyage aggravated his malady, and on September 21st, 19 B.C., he died at Brindisi. He requested that his dust should be buried at Naples. Augustus carried out these last wishes, and, it is believed, built a tomb at Posilipo in which he placed the urn with the ashes. In the sixteenth century it is said that an urn still stood in the Columbarium, on a pedestal supported by nine columns of marble, and that in the eighteenth century the tree planted by Petrarch in succession to the laurel, which for over a thousand years had marked the spot, still stood there. According to one theory the urn was taken to Mantua, and thus the prophecy of the poet was fulfilled. Another asserts that King Robert the Wise, with good intentions, removed the ashes to the Castel del 'Uovo and, like so many other treasures which

Photo *Photochrome Co., Ltd.*

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

The smoking crater warns Naples that the demon within is not dead but only slumbering.

passed within these walls, they were lost to sight. Whatever the fate of that dust, one thing we may be certain of, it is not in the tomb now. Still, though it is gone, reverence for the spot remains. Certainly on the heights above, Virgil had his villa, which Augustus inherited, and which Silius Italicus eventually bought, out of love for his master, for he too was a poet, and here Statius in A.D. 45 wrote those lines :

> " Lo ! idly wandering on the sea-beat strand
> Where the fam'd Syren in Ausonia's land
> First moored her bark, I strike the sounding string ;
> At Virgil's honoured tomb I sit and sing ;
> Warm'd by the hallowed spot my Muse takes fire
> And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre."

In front of us, barring our path, stretches the steep ridge of Posilipo, sloping into the blunt headland washed by the encroaching sea ; and if I may whisper it after all I have said, it is more than likely that the thieving waters really cover the tomb of Virgil, which they have filched with many other things from the retreating land. There is an air of mystery about this hill flung right across the thoroughfare. The stream of traffic to the thriving town beyond rolls on and disappears into its depths : the mountain has swallowed it up. This is not a new feat, but as old as the time of Augustus, and some say much more ancient ; for in those days the first great tunnel was made, 790 yards long. It is called the Grotta Vecchia. Possibly caves first suggested to the ancients the idea of a passage right through, and their task might have been lightened by these openings in the cliff. To-day we pass under the hill by the Grotta Nuova, which is 845 yards in length, and I only wish it were as long as the guide—with Neapolitan exaggeration—said it was. How refreshing to escape from the

blazing sun into that subterranean coolness ! But in this world pleasure is fleeting, and in a few minutes we are out again under the scorching rays, and in streets which look anything rather than enchanted ground.

We are traversing the second-rate suburb of Fuorigrotta, where rents are cheap, and where a good tram service brings the artisan quickly into town. Judging from the hooting of our horn, and the exasperation of our driver, children are as prolific in this land of luxuriant growth as are the vines which flourish on the volcanic soil. As we climb a hill we get our first introduction to our wonderland. There on our right lies the drained Lago d' Agnano. It is now shorn of its glory, but its sinister character is still retained in its name, which is derived from the fact that serpents falling from the cliffs perished in it ; while one writer who describes its waters when they still existed says that not even fish could live in them. A place certainly of evil repute ! Before it became a lake, it was a crater four miles in circumference, and you have only to scratch its surface yet to find its true character. Sulphurous fumes rise here and there, and you feel that the entrance to Pluto's domains cannot be very far off. However, modern science, which has harnessed Niagara, has even put Pluto himself between the traces, or perhaps I should say Vulcan. Nearby there is an up-to-date bathing establishment, and those sulphur fumes and boiling mud are turned on and off at will, for the benefit of the rheumatic. The cure is drastic but I believe effective. One has never to complain of the shortage of hot water, and it almost looks like coquetting with fate, to come so near this place of fire and brimstone ; but one is glad that in this utilitarian age even it can be turned to a good purpose. Great is the victory of Science !

Here our car stops, and our guide with a mysterious air bids us descend. We are going to make a more intimate

acquaintance with these nether regions. Armed with a torch and a big key, he leads us down a dusty road, opens a rather dilapidated door, and then utters his first words of caution. In front of us is an opening in the cliff. It is just an ordinary small cave, and at a first glance there seems no reason why it should be called after such an ominous person as Charon. Yet truly this is his back door ; and were a little boy, unconscious of his danger, to rush into it in a game of hide-and-seek he would not go a dozen yards until he dropped dead. In those " good old times " of man's inhumanity to man, slaves have been driven in, and pulled out corpses, that the distinguished visitor might see a practical experiment of its weird power. Even in our own day dogs were kept for the purpose ; but this cruel practice has been discontinued, and the visitor can now experiment on himself up to a point. After giving earnest warning the guide goes first, and you follow him into the cave. At once you feel a hot hand, as it were, gripping your ankles and moving up to your knees. The guide looks at you to see if you have had enough. You venture a few yards farther, and that hand of death rises higher. Were you to trip or fall or lose your nerve and faint, that would be fatal. Our guide watches us carefully, and if there was to be a sign of collapse he would hurry us out into the fresh air. As we stand thus, he takes his torch and lights it. The flame leaps up. Then, half in humour, he pushes the burning torch at your knees. There is no need to jump out of its way. No sooner has it reached that invisible layer of carbonic acid gas which has enwrapped the lower part of our bodies than out it goes ; not a spark is left. Then the guide does a curious thing. He takes a can and dips it down as if he were ladling water. When he brings it up the can seems as empty as before ; there is nothing visible inside it ; but as soon as the lighted torch is dipped into it out goes the

flame. The reason is that the carbonic acid gas is heavier than air and lies at the bottom. By the time these experiments are through, we are more than ready to back out of Charon's door, and to stand once more in the pure air of heaven. No wonder the ancients thought this the entrance to the lower regions !

But our intimacy with these parts is only beginning. However, we have a little respite. As our car passes through a land of olive and orange groves, and rich with vines, the guide exclaims that we are now in the Elysian Fields. I am not sure but that he makes them a little more extensive than they really were, for I am inclined to think that they were originally restricted to the luxuriant slopes in the hollow of the promontory of Misenum. However, we will not quarrel with his breadth of view ; the landscape around us is fit enough for Heaven, and walking under its shades we might picture a Dante in his Paradiso.

A sharp turn and once more we are confronted with " the other place." We dismount from our car, and our guide again enjoins us to follow him very carefully in single file. After a short walk under trees we emerge on the floor of a crater which is by no means extinct. This is the famous volcano of Solfatara. Already strong fumes of sulphur have warned us that we are nearing openings to the under-world. The very flowers which had carpeted our path through the woods droop their heads. They can accompany us no farther. We are entering on a region of death. What is that we have almost stepped on ? It is a puff of white smoke coming up from somewhere under our feet. Now we are out on the flat bottom of the crater. The curls of smoke increase. To our left, from a yawning opening, there is issuing a perfect blast from the nether world. The heat is too intense for a nearer view. However, the guide leads us across the quaking surface to where there is a large

hole, out of which smoke is rolling in volumes. We approach the edge and look over, and there within a few yards of us is a caldron of boiling mud. Up it spurts into the air, almost touching our faces, and strange sounds come from the hollows underneath. The guide jumps on the ground, and it trembles. We are actually standing on a crust only inches thick. With an enthusiasm that to us now seems almost impish, he leads us to another cavity, which he says burst open only a few weeks ago. He demands that we look in. Before entering on this enchanted ground we had sworn obedience; besides, how could we ever get out alive if our guide deserted us. So we meekly do as he bids. Again we watch lumps of earth being flung about, and feel the burning breath on our cheeks. With relief we see our guide at last turning his back on these uncanny fissures which vomit forth their fumes, and when we reach the edge of that arena of desolation, and touch the grass again, the welcome of the anemones was never more sweet.

The ancients called this place the Forum Vulcani, and it is a worthy workshop for such a god. Somehow, it impresses me more than Vesuvius. On the summit of that mountain there is a certain dignified aloofness; but here you actually rub shoulders with the infernal world. It is its horrible proximity which fascinates you. Yet Vulcan has not been busy about nothing, during all these ages. It is strange that it is to his work we owe the delicate beauty of the Corinthian capitals and the graceful ornamentation of our cornices. His touch beautifies all our public buildings. When we admire the elegant tracery which embellishes our architecture, we do not think of offering a "thank you" to Vulcan and his busy forge, for the stucco which has made this possible. Yet for ages which cannot be numbered he has been piling up in the cliffs round this crater the material out of which the best white potter's clay is

produced. He has manufactured for us those chemical ingredients which fit it for slender moulding. Our guide takes us into a building nearby where we see men busy shaping blocks of this clay for exportation. The ancients had discovered its properties and used it also for decoration.

Our next stop is at the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli. Its remarkable preservation enables the imagination with little effort to reconstruct the historic scenes which took place here. It was originally built by the Greeks in the sixth century B.C.; but the present ruins are those of the erection of Vespasian. It is of course much smaller than the Colosseum in Rome, but has been less exposed to Vandalism. The lairs of the wild beasts are intact, and as one wanders through the subterranean chambers one sees them just as they were nearly two thousand years ago. Broken columns with their capitals bespeak the glory which has now departed. Thirty thousand spectators could be accommodated on the tiers of seats. It was here Nero made a mad exhibition of himself to impress Tiridates, King of Armenia. But one has a shrewd suspicion that the royal guest regarded as the real wild beast of the arena—not the one which the emperor so vaingloriously slew, but the slayer himself.

Here, it is said, that Saint Januarius and his companions were exposed to the lions, who crouched at their feet instead of devouring them. One reason for the preservation of this amphitheatre is that during the Middle Ages, when vandalism was rife, the chambers that open off the great corridor, which runs round the whole building, were transformed into chapels. Thus, in return for the persecution suffered here, Christianity cast its protecting cloak over the instrument of its own torture. This is by no means the first instance where Paganism is indebted to Christianity for the actual preservation of its memorials.

Now we glide down into the town of Pozzuoli, and feel the bumps of its roughly paved streets. One would almost imagine that the Via Appia had not been repaired since the time of St. Paul. It was here he first stepped out on that great road to Rome. Doubtless the actual stones his feet trod lie not far below the dusty surface. One wishes we had more information as to how St. Paul put in his whole week here. He could not be preaching all the time! Did he do any sight-seeing? He was a classical scholar, and must have been familiar with the mythology which had given fame to this locality. There is a tradition that he visited Virgil's tomb. Mr. J. A. Symonds thus translates the vesper hymn which used to be sung at Mantua :—

> "When to Maro's tomb they brought him,
> Tender grief and pity wrought him
> To bedew the stone with tears;
> What a saint I might have crowned thee
> Had I only living found thee,
> Poet first and without peers!"

Were St. Paul to be brought by the same route to-day, instead of trudging those weary miles he would be carried on the Direttissima, the direct railway between Naples and Rome. It follows very closely the old Appian Way which then led from Pozzuoli, the "Liverpool" of that day, to the capital of the world. It passes through the rich and populous plains of Campania to the banks of the Volturno, renowned in the story of Hannibal, and famous as the place where Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel II. had their historic meeting. From it you see Monte Massico, the praises of whose wines were sung by Horace and Virgil. It skirts the marshes of the Garigliano, where Marius once hid from Sulla, and passes on to Formia, which used to be a favourite resort of ancient Romans; near here on the highway not far

from his own villa Cicero, seeking to escape, was caught, and his head cut off, in 43 B.C. On the way to Terracina, Monte Circeo is sighted. This was the site of Circe's palace as described in the *Odyssey*, while Terracina was the ancient Anxur, and contains to-day many Roman remains. This picturesque line next touches Sezze, the old Appii Forum, which was the northern terminus of a canal that ran through the Pontine Marshes. It was here the Apostle met the more stalwart welcomers from the Church in Rome. The railway continues to Cisterna di Roma, near which were the "Three Taverns," where the second contingent, of possibly older men, greeted the Apostle, and so on to Rome.

All this passes through our minds as we view the fine station in Pozzuoli, and ask our guide about this new and favourite route. He points out three stately columns of *cipollino* (white and green marble) which are said to belong to a temple of Serapis. Detracting critics assert that they are part of a bath. Anyhow, "cleanliness is next to godliness" somebody has said, and if your faith does not rise to the Temple it can accept the basis of the Bath. I favour the former, for though baths were magnificent structures in those days, there is a dignity about these remains that aspires to higher distinction than the "Order of the Bath"; and I eschew the iconoclast archæologist, whose joy is to shatter our picturesque ideals, and who suggests instead a rectangular market-hall. The portico had evidently six Corinthian columns, of which only these three remain. Then there was a peristyle or domed enclosure, according to which of the above theories you accept, and this was supported by sixteen columns of *giallo antico* (yellow marble). Ask Charles III. of Bourbon where twelve of these pillars are! He filched them for his royal palace at Caserta, and so deprived Pozzuoli of a big revenue to-day; for with fifteen columns, instead of three, to

Photo *Alinari*

VIEW OF AMALFI FROM THE GROTTO

This picturesque peep shows Amalfi as it is to-day with its sleepy streets and idle boats. It is the still unburied skeleton of a once flourishing city, though the mountain behind with its landslides has done its best to give it a grave.

view, might we not say that the number of tourists would have been increased proportionately !

The three columns which alone remain of former greatness have not, however, been merely standing doing nothing during all the centuries. They have been recording history in an interesting way. On their surface, as on a scroll, is written the story of a great subsidence and upheaval. The writer of this record is a little creature called " Lithodomus," who is only happy when he is boring. Now, he found a field for his operation on six feet of these columns, not those nearest the ground, but from the twelfth to the eighteenth foot. How did he manage to scribble his signature so high up, especially as he cannot live out of the water ? As he could not go to the mountain the mountain must have come to him. In other words, the land here must have sunk down under the sea, and the first twelve feet been buried in the sand, leaving six for " Lithodomus " to write upon, while the tops of the pillars still remained beyond his reach. Then came the upheaval of A.D. 1538, when the whole was once more raised above sea-level. Thus, more faithfully than by human hand, " Lithodomus " has recorded for us the ups and downs of Pozzuoli.

Now we are off for the Lake of Avernus, but we shall go no farther than its edge. In the heroic age it was said to be the entrance to Hades. The derivation of its name signifies " without birds," from the legend that no bird could fly across it and live. Very peaceful and innocent it looks to-day ; but then the dark forests which once encircled it have long since disappeared. It was Agrippa, the great general of Augustus, who was guilty of the sacrilege of cutting down the woods. He did more than that ; he actually turned the lake into a harbour, by making a canal through the Lucrine Lake to the sea. The eruption of A.D. 1538 restored the lake

to its former confines ; but the trees have never grown again. No longer is it hidden in the shadow of their foliage ; the blazing light of the sun has dissipated all mystery. Once there used to be an interesting ceremony here on the 21st of June. On that date, being the longest day and the shortest night of the year, the souls of the dead were supposed to enjoy a breath of freedom. The living came to the temple of Apollo which stood on the shores of the lake, and there through a deep hole they flung down offerings of flowers to the spirits of the nether regions. Nero took part in this ceremony.

On the southern side of the lake lies the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, but as we are not anxious to follow the example of Ulysses and Æneas and descend into the Shades, we shall avoid getting our feet wet at its muddy entrance. Besides, we shall have a race with time if we are to lunch at Baia and get back to our hotel for dinner. There is so much yet to be seen, and it is as impossible to stretch the limit of my chapter as the twenty-four hours of the day.

Our car climbs the side of Monte Nuovo, a mountain made in a night. On the 29th of September, A.D. 1538, this was a flat plain with a village nestling amongst its vines, and villas dotted amid its trees. On the 1st October a mountain 500 feet high stood there in place of the village and the houses, which had all disappeared—(it was the result of an eruption)—and there it is to-day, still sitting on them. Truly this is a wonderland !

Passing round behind the hill, which is a mile and a half in circumference, we reach the Arco Felice, the old gateway of Cumæ, near which stood the temples of Diana and Vesta. Above the arch can still be seen fragments of the ancient viaduct which brought water to the fort. This road was a kind of Via Sacra, and possibly was the mother, in a sense, of that famous street in Rome. The ancient victor enjoyed his Triumph along

Photo *Alinari*

GROTTO OF S. CRISTOFORO, AMALFI

This is the scene of a legend of St. Christopher. It shows also one of those deep ravines which have been a peril in the days of flood. Now modern engineering skill has rendered them safe.

it, and maidens dressed in white lined its sides and strewed flowers in the path of the conquering heroes. A little farther on we can leave our car and walk across to the old Acropolis of Cumæ. Nature had shaped it for such use, and those early Greek colonists had accepted the proferred gift. It dominates the sweeping plain and the sparkling sea. Gay flowers bloom over the grave of the dead city, whose learning and trade had shaped the destinies of Europe. Here and there an exquisite marble, sometimes black, sometimes white, rises out of the soil like a hand of the dead, to remind us of the greatness that has been. Cradled in the midst of volcanic fires, this city borrowed a spell from its own scenery. Caves and mystery, strange voices and wise sayings, wove such a charm around this spot that the ancient world regarded it with a sense of awe. How glorious must have been its temple, its golden roof studded with precious stones flashing back the sun's rays over land and sea! It was the first Greek temple in Italy. Only the foundations are left, but they are sufficient to show how perfect was the workmanship of those old builders. Here, too, are entrances to the Cave of the Sibyl; but as she is no longer "At Home" we shall not trouble to call.

Now we really must turn homeward. We pass by the Lucrine Lake, still famous as of old for its oysters, as also the Lago Cuma Fusaro, which we also pass, and at last hunger lands us on the balcony of the hotel at Baia, where we can eat and meditate. A cigar seems out of place, as we live for the moment in the days of the Cæsars; yet we are glad to think that Nero missed something in life. Perhaps if he could have smoked a cigar after that memorable dinner party in his palace on this bay, he would not have carried out in such a blood-thirsty way the murder of his mother. The tale need not be retold, for it is in our history books. The

only comment we will make is that Agrippina got the son she deserved.

As a farewell to these hot regions we take a dip into Nero's Baths, at least that is what they are called, though probably they were in existence long before that emperor. Nature has provided everything on a lavish scale. Vulcan sees to the heating himself, but sometimes misjudging the resisting power of feeble mortals, he is too keen on his job. Our car stops at a cave in the cliff-side, and we enter its warm interior. From it dark passages lead farther in. As we proceed, the air grows hotter until we are perspiring. Wearing our clothes, discomfort at last makes us stop. The old Romans used to complete the round. By that time every drop of perspiration had oozed out of their bodies and they had to be revived by the masseur. Vulcan still keeps the fires burning, but his only customers now are the curious who are content to peer into the hot tunnels. The good old hot air bather who anointed his body with oil, and accepted the best that Vulcan could give him has passed away with the Roman Empire, but the baths remain.

We return over the heights of Posilipo as the sun with its evening brush dipped in gold, tints afresh in brilliant hues mountain and island and sea. We pause, lost in admiration. No wonder that to the Greeks this was the Golden West, the Enchanted Land.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MOUNTAIN AND ITS VICTIMS

TO the mountain the bay owes its charm. Take away Vesuvius and you are left with the common-place. The Earth has many other inlets as attractive in themselves; but here it is the combination of volcano with the exquisite blue of the sea which has been the inspiration of poets, artists, and travellers. It is more than physical charm that gives Vesuvius this distinction. Like woman in this, it is the very uncertainty of its moods which fascinates; it can frown and threaten, as well as purr softly.

Superstition, legend, and history also enchance its interest. Even as late as the eleventh century, Vesuvius inspired the credulous with awe. Cardinal Damiano writes thus to Pope Nicholas II. "As a servant of God was singing hymns by night, he opened the window of his cell to observe the hour, when, lo! he saw passing many men, black as Ethiopians, driving a large troop of packhorses laden with hay. He asked why they carried this fodder. They answered: We are evil spirits, and this food is to foment those fires which are kindled against men's souls. We wait first for the prince of Capua, who now lies sick; and then for John, the captain of the garrison of Naples. Then went that man of God to John and told him what he had heard. John, wishing to know the truth of the matter, sent a messenger to learn how it fared with the prince of Capua; who returned with the news that he was dead, whereupon John died also, and the mountain Vesuvius, from which hell belches forth, broke out into flames.

The hay which those demons got ready was nothing else than the fire of that fell conflagration prepared for those reprobate and wicked men."

Cardinal Damiano had certainly no doubts as to the real nature of Vesuvius. The date of his letter is about A.D. 1060.

Strabo, who wrote sometime about A.D. 30, gives us a picture of Vesuvius in those days. This was nearly fifty years before the great eruption of A.D. 79, and up to that time in the memory of man there was no sign of any volcanic activity about it, though the ash formation on its summit might have indicated to the initiated its character.

Strabo says: "Above these places rises Vesuvius, well cultivated and inhabited all round, except its top, which is for the most part level, and entirely barren, ashy to the view, displaying cavernous hollows in rocks, which look as if they had been eaten by the fire, so that we may suppose this spot to have been a volcano formerly, with burning craters, now extinguished for want of fuel."

Of course the Vesuvius of to-day is far different. The present high cone is of later origin. It rises within a circular volcanic ridge, which is called Somma. This is probably all that is left of the prehistoric volcano. Once it had supported a great cone; but this, during the ages of inactivity, had sunk back into the earth, leaving only the outer framework. In the great eruption of A.D. 79 the cap of the mountain was blown off, and its vent freed once more.

In early classic history Vesuvius is not thought of as a volcano. Virgil only once mentions it, and that is to praise the fertility of its soil. It is remembered rather as the scene of the great battle between the Romans and the Latins in 340 B.C., which proved a turning-point in the history of Rome, by the final conquest of its neigh-

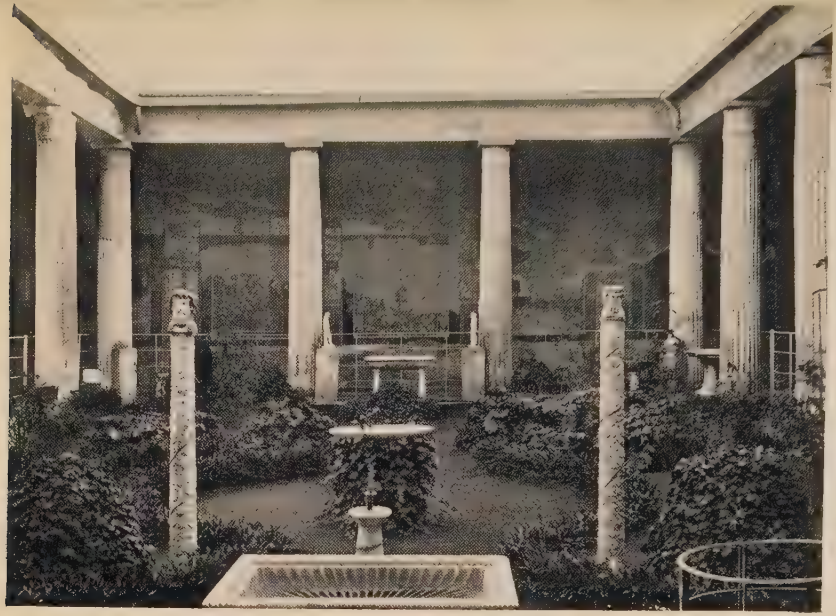

Photo *Wehrli*

VITTIER'S HOUSE, POMPEII

In this house the peristyle offers an enchanting spectacle. In the middle of the court is a gaily coloured garden. The new method of laying out the ruins is to plant the gardens with the old flowers and replace the fountains.

bours, and incidentally revealed the discipline of the Roman army in two incidents of the fight. The son of the Roman general Manlius in his eagerness dashed from his post to attack and slay a powerful enemy. Because he had done this without orders, he was executed on the spot by his father. The second incident refers to the other consul Decius. Before the fight the two consuls had agreed that if either of their divisions gave way the commander should offer himself to the infernal dieties; That of Decius was driven back, and he kept his word there and then. No wonder the Romans were invincible ! The fight of Spartacus in 73 B.C., when he made the wall of the old crater a redoubt, and with his army of slaves defeated the legions sent against him, has also made these slopes historic.

Of course the one event which has given lasting notoriety to Vesuvius is the great eruption of A.D. 79, and historians are fortunate in having preserved the two letters of Pliny, the younger, to Tacitus. The description is so well known that I shall only cull one or two sentences from these famous despatches written by a correspondent on the spot.

" On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him (here he refers to his uncle, Pliny, the elder, who was admiral of the fleet stationed at Misenum) to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine tree. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board. He steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-

stones and black pieces of burning rock. They were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea; but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. 'Fortune,' said he, 'befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.'" Pomponianus was then at Stabiae (Castellamare). "My uncle found him in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears he ordered with an air of unconcern the baths to be got ready; when, having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence. After this my uncle retired to rest, and those who attended without, actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, it was thought proper to awaken him. They went out having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins. It was now day everywhere else; but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still running extremely high. There my uncle, having drank a draught of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. Instantly he fell down dead. As soon as it was light again which was not until the third day, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture as he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

Perhaps this condensed personal narrative will help the reader to picture that terrible catastrophe more clearly than any general description. Pliny, the younger,

must have had some of the coolness of his uncle, to take such accurate notes of what was happening. His second letter describes more fully his own experience; but what I have quoted must suffice.

Vesuvius has had its heroes, a long roll of devoted scientists, some of whom sacrificed their lives in their devotion to their studies. When in 1872 the north-west flank of the volcano cracked open after a violent eruption, Palmieri stuck to his post, and spent several days alone at the Observatory amidst a sea of flaming lava. In 1906 Matteucci did the same but died from exhaustion. Greatest of all was Giuseppe Mercalli, the inventor of the seismic scale. The irony of his death is startling. After braving so often the dangers of the crater, one night in his lodging he upset an oil lamp, caught fire, and was burned to death. What the volcano had continually threatened the humble oil lamp achieved, and the flames claimed their victim at last.

There are two ways of ascending Vesuvius. One can go on horseback, or by Cook's Railway. Having gone by the former, I recommend the latter. A quick train from Naples will take you to Pugliano Station in about twenty minutes, or you may go in double that time by motor-car from your hotel. At this point the Vesuvius Railway begins. The ascent up to the Generating Station at the foot of Monte Cateroni is gradual, and the cars are worked by the ordinary tramway type of electric traction. This part of the journey gives one a good idea of the wonderful fertility of the slopes of the mountain. Your way is lined by gardens and orchards, and the vineyards rise one above the other in an endless succession. Here are grown the grapes from which the well-known wine called " Lachryma Christi " is produced.

Just below the observatory, the second section of the line begins. It is a cog-wheel railway, such as one is so familiar with in Switzerland, and now you feel that you

are really climbing. There is a story of a very nervous old lady who annoyed the conductor by always demanding what would happen if the machinery went wrong. He explained that the wheels had teeth which took a firm bite at each turn. "But if they broke?" she asked in concern. "Well, we have the brakes," he answered impatiently. "But suppose they gave way where would we go to?" His retort was grim and short. "That depends, Madam, on your past life." With this bit of a thrill you reach Eremo, and forget all hazards in the magnificence of the view that opens out before you. It can only be excelled by the one which I have already shown you from the top of Epomeo in Ischia. I think the latter has the advantage, because it embraces Vesuvius itself. There is now a more level bit of the way as you cross great fields of lava to the Lower Station of the Funicular. There you are at the foot of the cone which rises threateningly above you. A few minutes more on the steep gradient, and you are landed at the very crater itself. A black column of smoke pours out of invisible fissures and from a funnel into the nether regions. You hear the mountain groaning like some beast in pain, and are glad after a short stay to leave the uncanny spot.

To Vesuvius this generation owes a debt of gratitude. In the days before picture-postcards, if the scenes of daily life were to be preserved for subsequent ages, some other method had to be devised. Vesuvius, with an eye to the future, took the matter into its own hands, and with its mantle of ash mixed with steam and pumice, simply covered up a few sample towns until sufficient centuries had passed to give people an interest in the doings of that day. We may think it a rather rough and cruel way of giving us a picture of that ancient life. Yet I would venture to say that in this it was no worse than our modern plan. I believe that more people lose

Photo *Wehrli*

MURAL PICTURES, POMPEII

These pictures are noted for their colours, especially the red dye of the background which is still so well preserved. Those ancient painters had almost all the colours used by the great Italian Masters with the addition of Egyptian azure and Tyrian purple.

their lives in our cinemas in a single year than died in Pompeii. Less than one-tenth perished, possibly in all not more than two thousand out of a population of between twenty and thirty thousand. One cannot say that the death toll was excessive. Recent discoveries have proved false the popular picture painted by Bulwer Lytton of a great concourse in the amphitheatre watching a gladiatorial show and overwhelmed before they could seek safety. There was time for most of the citizens to escape, and many of those who were eventually entombed had returned to collect their belongings—or other people's !

Fortunately the bodies, of some of these, or rather the spaces, which they occupied, have been found. By filling these cavities with plaster the figures of those unfortunate ones have been preserved as perfectly as though we were looking at the embalmed corpses themselves. We can see to-day, photographed on the terrified features, the horror of that moment. I am always touched by the agony of the little dog whose master had not released it from its chain and who is frantically biting itself in its torture. The figures of men and women evidently in the act of running, and trying to shield themselves from the fiery hail make very real to us the tragedy of that moment.

As the veil is lifted, the life in a provincial town of the first century begins to parade itself before us, and the first impression is not the difference but the resemblance, between the people and customs of to-day and those of that far-off time. In the House of the Surgeon, for instance, there was discovered an assortment of surgical and dental instruments which too truly tell their sad tale of aching teeth and the torture of the dentist's chair. If one touch of Nature makes all men akin, then toothache has its purpose after all, in linking us up with the people of Pompeii !

In some of the ovens the very dinner was found cooked, so that we know the menu which was in preparation when Vesuvius stepped in. In the *Strada dell' Abbondanza* there has been recently unearthed a bar, with the money still on the counter to pay for the drinks, and the wine in the jars ready to be served. Pompeii is too full of interest to be compressed into a small book, much less a chapter, and only one or two things can be referred to. In the Museum at Naples one can study at leisure the mural paintings, mosaics, and statues which reproduce for us that ancient life of luxury. Recently there is a tendency to retain the new finds *in situ* ; for, after all, to sense the spirit of antiquity, you must not have detached relics, but their actual setting.

To walk along the old streets paved with lava blocks, and see the ruts of chariot wheels, bridges the centuries. There was control of traffic in those days. In the Forum and the Street of Abundance vehicles were forbidden, while in other places rings are still found to which horses or oxen could be tied. The quaint stepping-stones in the centre of the street betrayed a consideration for the pedestrian which is lacking in these days of motor-cars. In rainy weather the passenger could step across without wetting his feet, and in security from being run over. We have no occasion to smile at the city authorities of that period, with our increasing list of street accidents. In fact, Pompeii was a paradise for pedestrians, such as they shall never more enjoy in this new age. There must have been severe repression of the road hog of those days, the quadriga, for the simple reason that so few stables have been found. The streets, though mostly straight, and running at right angles, were narrow, which is an advantage in sun-baked cities, and there was a good system of drainage, though nothing, of course, to compare with the wonderful sewers of Rome.

Amongst so many objects of interest which crowd

the mind, one of the permanent memories which a visitor takes away from Pompeii is that of the architecture of the Roman house. Nowhere can it be studied to better advantage. A *fauces*, or corridor, led into the *atrium*. From this courtyard opened the bedrooms, except on the opposite side from the entrance, which was reserved for the *tablinum*, general sitting-room, and *triclinium*, dining-room. To the left of this was the *culina*, kitchen.

Passing across these rooms, we enter the most attractive part of the house, the *peristylium*. This was a colonnaded square, more retired and shaded than the *atrium*. Here were the women's quarters and the guest chambers. In many cases there was a small door at the back which opened on to the street behind. Even in the best of the houses the rooms are small: but the reason is that the inmates really lived out of doors. The bedroom was used merely for sleeping in. The decorations of the walls are noted for the wonderful richness of colour, the favourite tones being yellow, black, and red. The scenes depicted are generally mythological, and if the gods and heroes rendered no other service, they at least gave artists a theme, and the decorators of Pompeii had a soft side for love-making. Jupiter in pursuit of Ganymede or Europa; Apollo and Daphne; Venus and Mars—all offered attractive subjects. Their religion exactly suited their tastes.

Were this book an ordinary guide then we would have to clip our paragraphs into little sentences, each trying to crush into a few words some information about the hundred and one objects of interest which challenge our attention; but all we can hope to do is to focus round certain centres the principal things Pompeii has to show and teach us.

The evolution of the house, whose finished product I have just described, can be traced from the old-

fashioned House of the Surgeon. Here we have the pre-Grecian style, the simple *atrium* without the *peristyle*. It probably dates from the third century before Christ. The House of Sallust is of much later date. The building material has changed with the times from limestone to tufa, but still the sturdy Roman simplicity resists the insidious luxury of Greece. The only courtyard is that of the *atrium*, though beyond it, where the *peristyle* ought to be, according to the new fashion of that time, there is a colonnade looking out on to the garden. "Oh, Sallust," we are inclined to say with a wag of the head, "that is a-playing with temptation. It is the thin edge of the wedge!"

Eventually the garden became a court; but as a garden Sallust made the most of it. Probably it is much smaller than most of the back greens of our London houses; but if the modern Londoner wishes to experience a blush of shame he should visit Pompeii and note what Sallust and his neighbours made of their plots. The entrance is artistic, with its columns fluted and corded, the lower parts being painted blue. From here three marble steps led up to the *xystus*. The space at the disposal of the artist gardener was small, only seventy feet by twenty; but every inch was thought out. In the centre there was a marble pavement, and round it were ranged boxes of earth in which grew all manner of flowers; while to give a vista, and an idea of spaciousness to this back yard, the walls which enclosed it were painted with trellises and fountains, and birds drinking from them, and in the distance trees and mountains. The landscape painter improved on the scenery round the city by drawing on his own imagination until the visitor, as he sat there in the cool shade, felt that he was in a peaceful paradise far removed from contact with his fellow mortals, while all the time he could have tossed a stone over into his neighbour's plot.

Photo *Alinari*

THE HOUSE OF THE COUNT OF TORINO

This shows the peristyle of an ancient house in Pompeii. It was due to Greek influence that this more elaborate addition was made to the simplicity of the Roman style.

The *House of the Tragic Poet* continues the evolution of the dwelling until we see how Rome yielded to the seductive art of Greece. The mosaic on the pavement used to startle the visitor. It is the picture of a large fierce dog in the act of springing upon the intruder. His colour is black, spotted with white, and he has a red collar. Beneath is written in legible characters, " Cave Canem " ('Ware Dog). This mosaic can now be seen in the National Museum at Naples. Here we have the fully developed style, of vestibule, atrium, alae, tablinum, fauces, and peristyle. The walls were richly ornamented with paintings, most of which are now also in the Museum.

Perhaps the best example of the finished article in the matter of domestic architecture is to be seen in the *House of the Faun*. This is one of the sights which must not be missed. It is remarkable for its size and beauty. On a little base at the side of its *impluvium* in the centre of the *atrium*, was found that exquisite bronze statuette of the Dancing Faun, which has given the house its name. We have already referred to it in our visit to the Museum in Naples. This house has a pathetic interest, as it was in its *tablinum* that the skeleton of a woman was discovered in a most agonising attitude. She appears to have taken refuge in that room, driven back by the showers of ashes. The floor of the roof had evidently begun to fall in, and her last act was with uplifted arms to try and prevent the mass crushing her to death. She had flung her jewellery on the floor. It consisted of two gold bracelets of a serpentine form, each weighing a pound. She had several gold rings with engraved stones, one of which represented Hercules clubbing a serpent. Another had on it a very fine head of Atalanta.

The Forum and the temples are a study in themselves, and the visitor will linger longest amongst their ruins.

One distinctive thing about the latter is the elevated basement on which they stand. It is curious to notice that the steps which lead up are of an odd number. The reason is that one ought to begin the ascent with the right foot, and end by placing it first on the sacred pavement. I wonder if this was the origin of " putting our right foot foremost " ?

The *Forum* as we see it to-day is the remains of the enlarged one constructed in the second century B.C. after the Greek pattern. It was surrounded with a colonnade, the ruins of which can still be seen in the south-east corner. Another colonnade was added later, with doubtful taste, by the Romans ; but for practical purposes. It supported a gallery which accommodated spectators at the gladiatorial shows. Thus beauty was sacrificed to utility. In other things also the Pompeians followed the lead of Rome. They began to crowd their spaces with statues and monuments, though it must be said they left a foreground for the stately temple of Jupiter which, with its Ionic and Corinthian columns, and with Vesuvius for a background, must have impressed by its splendour. Just to the east lie the ruins of the Theatre. The seats, in Greek fashion, rise in a horseshoe shape, and like those at Sutri were cut out of the Lava rock. Five thousand people could thus be accommodated. Players in those days had no reason to complain of audiences. It is interesting to note the stone rings at the top of the wall, which held the poles supporting the great Velarium or awning, that protected the onlookers from the sun.

The excavations of recent years have yielded many interesting discoveries. Prof. Spinazzola who superintended these has sought to reproduce as far as possible the old setting, so fallen walls have been re-erected, and gardens replanted as in the old days, while the fountains play once more, and as far as possible the

paintings and statues have been retained in their original places. Here the *cryptoporticus*, or hall, with its frieze of fifty scenes from the Trojan War, is well worth visiting. One ghastly relic of the eruption is to be viewed here in a glass case, a huddled group of victims suffocated by the ashes, in their endeavour to escape.

In the *House of Loreius Tiburtinus* the restorations are seen to best advantage. In its atrium the fountain of the *impluvium* is playing again. At the end of the peristyle another cascade leaps and laughs in the sunlight, as if nineteen hundred years ago there had been no tragedy. The garden keeps it company, as fresh blooms paint, in the old colours, its life and gaiety. The ancient house is awakening again to a new existence ; only its former masters are gone, leaving their handiwork behind.

Herculaneum, the mountain's other victim, is also arising from its sleep of the centuries. Its awakening has been more difficult, because of the harder and deeper blanket of lava which had covered it. Now, however, it is yielding up its secrets.

What Bath was to London in the days of Beau Nash, Herculaneum was to Rome in the first century. The "Smart Set" made it their seaside resort. At that time the British mode was all the fashion. The women dyed their hair yellow, to be like the supposed British girls. Rome was proud of its new conquests, and British things became the rage.

The town was up-to-date for the times. Few others had such a fine main street, the very sidewalks of which were paved with inlaid marble ; while shady colonnades enticed the visitor to loiter in front of tempting shops. The refreshing babble of the fountains as they spouted into the air their jets of spray, made the weary pedestrian forget how dusty the roads could be. Behind stretched the slopes of Vesuvius, rich with vineyards and orchards,

and with no ominous smoke curling from its crest ; for it lay asleep under its blanket of green.

In the centre of the town was the magnificent theatre, which could seat 3000 people, ranged in eighteen tiers in front of the stage. Artistic statues gave expression to the taste of those citizens, who had numbered amongst them some of the most cultured of the day.

In the spring of 1927 the King of Italy, who is nowhere more popular than in his native Naples, inaugurated the new excavations. It was good patriotism as well as good business to expend two million lire in this work. If a Praxiteles be unearthed, the cost of the whole undertaking would soon be defrayed. There is the possibility of such a prize ; for Herculaneum was the home of the rich and the learned.

Already in A.D. 1750 one villa had been uncovered. In its library alone were 3000 rolls of papyri. So blackened were they by damp and decay that they were very nearly thrown away as lumps of charcoal. Some letters caught a vigilant eye ; but it was after a long time, and with infinite care that the different layers were peeled off by aid of silk threads, and the words deciphered. It was not the fault of Philodemus of Gadara that it was *his* books which had survived. Many a modern author owes his longevity to a lucky chance. Philodemus was described by Cicero as a " learned and excellent man." Such belong to all ages, and are apt sometimes to be ponderous, and often if their works do go to light a fire the world is not greatly the loser. Philodemus evidently pondered much after dinner on what he had eaten, and added his reflections to the literature of Epicurean philosophy. In this he was a true citizen of Herculaneum, and more writings of his type are likely to be brought to the surface ; but it is to be hoped that there were others besides Epicureans there, and that copies of some of the lost books of classical times may be found.

Photo *Wehrli*

GRAVES AT POMPEII

The Romans honoured their dead. Perhaps the belief that unless buried the soul of the departed wandered for a hundred years on the shores of the Styx gave special importance to the tombs: or maybe it was the craving for a fame which would outlive death that urged them to build an eternal city for their dead.

The obstruction is not proving so difficult as at first conjectured. The lava covering really belongs to six later eruptions, especially that of 1631, which laid it like a tombstone over the grave of the buried city. The shroud, however, in which it was first wrapt is much softer. It was formed by a douche of ashes and mud mixed with steam, and—flung like a blanket over the doomed streets—has preserved instead of crushed the fabrics it has covered.

It is on the later lava heaps that the towns of Resina and Torre del Greco have squatted. They really cause the difficulty to-day, for, conscious that they are sitting on hidden treasure, they are not inclined to budge except at their own price, and thus hatch the golden egg at their own convenience. For the time, they are being left alone. The excavators are getting at the buried town beneath them in a different way, and some day they may learn of its existence by falling into it!

The ground is being tunnelled with shafts only here and there open to the sky. So it is electric light which will reveal to modern eyes the Greek-fashioned city, dedicated to Hercules, with its walls sloping down to the sea, its columned porticoes and stately buildings, its theatres, public baths, basilicas, and temples; its wide straight streets, adorned with fountains and marble pavements; its statues and bronzes—all of which lie about eighty feet below the surface. The American Hollar was prepared to remove the two obstructing towns to other sites, in a wholesale Western fashion, and leave the entire ground free for excavation. The Mafia has not been able to accomplish that; but it has preserved national pride by keeping the excavations in Italian hands.

It is over 200 years since the digging of a well in the garden of Prince Elbeuf at Portici brought to light the remains of the buried theatre. What little explora-

tion took place then was in the nature of a treasure hunt. No thought was taken for houses; what was sought for was their contents, and as soon as the rooms had been ransacked they were filled in again, and not even a chart was kept of the streets thus stumbled upon. Even that spurt of research was well repaid, and the magnificent horse unearthed can only be compared for beauty to those of St. Mark's in Venice. Its companions may turn up any day.

In 1828 there was another delving, and this time the treasure-trove was no less than the House of Argus. The very familiar subject of its richest fresco gave the house its name. It represents Io bound to a stake at the mercy of Argus, who gazes brutishly on her, while Mercury, sent by Jupiter, arrives in the nick of time, and casting an enchantment over the villain of the piece puts him to sleep, and then leisurely cuts off his head. There is the triangle of the modern novel in embryo, with all its thrill, even though it be a little crude. What other up-to-date plots in pictured story may yet be discovered to be as old as Herculaneum, who can say? Herein lies the thrill of a possible surprise.

Photo *Cicalese*

THE CAPPUCCINI HOTEL AND TERRACED WALK AT AMALFI

The old monastery of the Cappuccini has now become an hotel.

CHAPTER IX

THE SUNNY PENINSULA

PAINT and pen have rivalled each other in their attempt to express the charm of Sunny Sorrento. Both have failed, for we have neither colours delicate enough to catch the peculiar tint of sea and shore, nor words graphic enough to take captive in a sentence the illusive beauty of the white roofs peeping above their scented gardens, perched on cliffs washed by the sea.

Into the controversy as to the best method of approach we shall not enter. Once upon a time it was said that there were but two roads in the world which rivalled each other in scenic effect. The one was Castellamare to Sorrento: and the other was Sorrento to Castellamare. That opinion I cannot endorse, for the very good reason that later on in this chapter I am going to take you along a road which surpasses even this belauded one—that from Sorrento to Amalfi.

In any case I prefer to arrive by steamer. As we near the white precipices, rising sheer out of the water to a height of three hundred feet, our eyes get accustomed to the setting of the town. Towering behind is the mountain of St. Angelo, guardian of the whole peninsula. Yet its steep heights have been stormed by the sturdy vines and stouter orange groves, which—like an attacking army in green—appear to swarm nearly up to its summit. On those slopes, where long-dead volcanoes have left their deposits, you have only to give vegetable life an inch and it will take an ell. Soft foliage growing richer and thicker as it descends, gives to the town a

background of verdure, and even decorates with cytisus and broom the tops of the jagged precipices.

As we come under the shadow of the latter and look up we see the reason for there being a town there at all. Surely its position was impregnable in those days when danger threatened from the sea. Yet after all, the strongest chain is not stouter than its weakest link. Nature may fortify, but the human factor may fail.

On the night of June 13th, 1558, there was a house in Sorrento brilliantly lighted, from which floated the strains of merriment and song. It was the marriage feast of Marzio Sersale, and his bride was the beautiful Cornelia Tasso. We are ready to forgive a bridegroom a slight slip, if the results had not been so tragic. He had some friends who had come all the way from Naples to be present at the ball, and they stayed late. He was the keeper of the gate, and not wishing to leave his bride or tear himself away even for a moment from the fascination of the dance, he gave the *portier* the key with which to let his friends out. Fatal act !

At that moment, creeping round the promontory of Capo Santa Fortuna, came ship after ship crammed with Turks, and commanded by the fierce Mustafa. Before them, gleaming in the moonlight, loomed the great walls of Sorrento. Their height and strength defied the marauder. Success depended on surprise. Then one of the raiders spied the open gate. Silently the Moslems landed. The treacherous *portier* was bribed, and the citizens of Sorrento, sleeping securely behind their great ramparts, were suddenly roused by the war-cry of the Turks. Flame and sword wrought sudden destruction. Mirth changed to mourning and songs to shrieks. Fathers and sons were cut down before they could seize their arms. A few hours later those same ships disappeared towards Capri ; but on their decks were two thousand prisoners of the noblest families

of Sorrento. Through eyes dazed with terror they watched their homes disappear. The familiar hills they had loved from childhood sank into the shadows. Never again would they see their dear ones: before them lay the slavery of the East—and all through one moment of neglect!

We are startled out of our reverie by wild shouts. Is it the slogan of the Turks again? Our steamer, which has slowed down, is beseiged by a fleet of little boats, in each of which aggressive men are gesticulating and calling upon you to surrender your person and your goods into their hands. Above the din you catch the ominous word "Sirena!" Then, "Tramontano!" "Terrazze!" "Vittoria!" "Royal!" "Cocumella!" Yes, without doubt these boats are bent upon your capture. One or other will carry you off, and even now they are fighting amongst themselves for the spoils of victory.

We had already selected the "Cocumella" because of its shady garden, and its shadier underground stair down to its little beach for swimming. To its representative we held up our hands in token of surrender, and the rest was easy. The masterful man in charge not only guided us into the cushioned seat of his little craft, but with quick dexterity had soon all our belongings stacked around us, and we had the Venetian experience of being rowed to our hotel.

As you move placidly over the waters you have time to think of the great men who have preceded you to this sunny town. Thither had come Byron and Shelley, De Musset, Lamartine, Richard Wagner, Heyse, Goethe, who wrote here his *Lieder*, Nietzsche, and Ibsen. Renan corrected in this town his *Life of Christ*, Marion Crawford made it his home, and the villa still bears his name. Cooper wrote many of his stories here, and later there was Gorki. Indeed, few places have gathered together

such a galaxy of talent. There must be inspiration in the air as well as in the scenery, to have attracted so many famous writers to this spot.

Most honoured of all is Torquato Tasso ; for was he not a child of Sorrento, being born here in March, 1544 ? His father was Bernardo, the Burgomaster, who was also the secretary of Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno. The sad story of the poet's life need not be repeated, or how, after being an exile, he returned in the disguise of a pauper to his sister's door, and was given shelter. He died in Rome in 1595 ; but it was a long time before Italy honoured him as it should. In 1799 the Republic, set up in Naples, voted him a statue in his native place ; but this was not completed until 1870. Italian-like, there followed delays. The statue was brought to Sorrento but screened with cloth ; the function of uncovering it was postponed. Then one night a poor but patriotic son of the town whose impatience could brook no further dawdling, crept out in the darkness and unveiled it himself ; and lo, in the morning the citizens awoke to find their national poet in his rightful place, standing in the centre of their piazza, where he has remained ever since to receive the homage of visitors from the end of the earth. How like Tasso, to have had this strange secret unveiling in the dead of night ! One wonders whether this courageous townsman delivered an oration to himself on that auspicious occasion.

Sorrento has an ancient pedigree which outdistances even that of Rome. Its name is derived from the word Siren. In fact Homer calls Sorrento the nest of the Sirens. These three dreadful sisters had their fatal perch on the rocks of the Galli Islands which we shall see on our way to Amalfi. Some historians say that the town was founded by emigrants from Tyre. At first it was a free state, but after the Battle of Volturno it was captured by the Romans. During the time of Augustus

it became a Roman colony, and was adorned with magnificent villas, the ruins of which are being unearthed to-day. It was visited by Virgil, when seeking copy for his Æneid. Nero when he came to Naples crossed over to Sorrento to see his freedman Bebio Massa, from whom has originated the name of Massalubrense, the picturesque town about four miles to the west. Domitian, Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius added to the importance of the place by constructing baths and aqueducts. In the Middle Ages it became a Dukedom, and afterwards was united to the Republic of Amalfi in order to repel the Saracens. Eventually it fell into the hands of Roger the Norman, who let little slip past him. In time it joined up with Naples, and shared in all the upheavals which kept that city from going to sleep. Revolution and anarchy have stained its streets with blood. They have carried away sceptres and crowns, yet the flat-roofed town sits as securely on its rocky perch as it ever did. On the 21st of October, 1860, it entered the united Kingdom of Italy and peace settled within its borders.

A walk round the town demands pretty strong purse-strings, or that important adjunct of the tourist will come back much deflated. Elegant inlaid woodwork with designs beautiful and fantastic, tempts you from the shop windows. I am told that Sorrento imports the raw material from the Southern States of America. If so, there is a kind of irony in trade. The best customers to-day are the rich Americans, who cross the ocean to buy in this little town the very wood by whose exportation from their own shores some of them have made their money. Truly in the rough and tumble of modern life lurk many surprises !

The people are happy. Is it that the perpetual sunshine has penetrated deeper than the skin, or is there something buoyant in the very nature of the place, that lifts its people over the rugged bits in life ? Anyhow,

the smile and cheery word are pleasant to the stranger, and it is to be hoped that he carries away the memory of them along with the trinkets he buys over the counter.

But I know the reader is impatient, not to leave Sorrento, but to view the wonders of that road which leads over the backbone of the Peninsula to what is left of the great cities which once flourished on the Gulf of Salerno. An early start in a car is advisable, for the fresh morning air adds an exhilaration to the drive, and perhaps our senses, less wearied, are more alert to impressions. Let the man motor slowly. This is not a road to be rushed. Up we zigzag amongst the olive groves and vineyards until we reach the Tavern of the Two Gulfs. In old days this shop must have done a roaring trade, for it stands on the summits of two steep ascents which had given animals and men a glorious thirst, as the little boy said when he watched a horse drinking. Now there is not even a halt, but a mere change of gear. As the two seas spread themselves out at your feet you fall under the spell of Nature and Myth. You are again on "Enchanted Ground." Away below you the sea is gently breaking in a line of surf on the rocks of the Galli Islands. Very lonely they seem lying out there by themselves, their only music now the sound of the breakers. The song of their Sirens has passed into the occasional hoot of a steamer. The poetic has given place to the prosaic. Has the world lost or gained by this barter of ideals ?

But we are reminded of modern enterprise by the very road we are on. It clings to the precipitous cliffs in a way which only engineers can explain, and we need to have a big stock of faith in them and our chauffeur, for they fling us right across yawning gulfs and below frowning heights which seem to be toppling over us. Here we pass not merely under the shadow of the mountain, but that of a grim past. The cruel Saracen

Photo *Cicalese*

PANORAMA OF RAVELLO FROM MAJORI

Here we look across from Majori to Ravello, which is situated on the heights some four miles up the Dragone Valley. If the little town is interesting, so also is its setting.

has left his behind him, in the eastern cupola and Moorish arch. His footsteps are still embedded on this rocky shore.

The little town of Positano, for instance, still clings to its hill-top, though the reason for those steep approaches has long since disappeared. Once when the dreaded sail was seen in the gulf men and women sought the refuge of the heights. The town in those days fled up there and has hardly yet taken courage to descend. What a paradise for artists are the nooks and corners of these streets, even though they are the exasperation of the motorist! What the one blesses the other curses, so life is evened up. There is little of the even, however, in this road. When we are not going up we are going down, and the switchback motion demands a good cushion.

Wilder and more beautiful become the views. On the left deep gorges open up, reminding me of the Pyrenees, while on the right we look sheer down into the sea. Sometimes a rocky promontory juts out, and on it stands a crumbling tower. This has its tragic tale, for it was built to guard the shores against the fierce marauders who brought from the sea sudden death or slavery.

We pass through little towns which are now the ghosts of their former selves, and at last enter through a tunnel the fascinating streets of Amalfi, which is the biggest ghost of them all. Can this be the city which once had a population of sixty thousand, and whose ships sailed all the known seas? Hardly a keel rests to-day on its shores except those of small fishing boats. Yet its sailor, Flavio Gioia, gave to the world the mariner's compass, and thus knitted continents together. His was a greater act than that of the proud monarchs of his day whose mailed fists were used to alienate and destroy.

From *Sketches in Italy*, by John Addington Symonds,

we take this picture of Amalfi in the days of its prosperity. "Between the year A.D. 839, when Amalfi freed itself from the control of Naples and the yoke of Benevento, and the year 1131, when Roger of Hautville incorporated the republic in his kingdom of the Two Sicilies, this city was the foremost naval and commercial port of Italy. The burghers of Amalfi elected their own Doge: founded the Hospital of Jerusalem, whence sprang the knightly order of St. John: gave their name to the richest quarter of Palermo: and owned trading establishments of factories in all the chief cities of the Levant. Their gold coinage of 'tari' formed the standard of currency before the Florentines had stamped the lily and St. John upon the Tuscan florin. Their shipping regulations supplied Europe with a code of maritime laws."

Why, and where, has that glory vanished? Ask the sea which in turn has been the friend and foe of this city. Its smile to-day as it sparkles in the sunlight is hypocritical. Below its shining surface it hides cruel mysteries. Though its waves had carried wealth to this Republic on its shores, in the end it proved a greater enemy than even the fierce Saracen. Slowly but surely in its ravenous greed it bit into the land. In fact it has eaten up the great city and its once-flourishing harbour. Its proud temples are now the haunts of the fish. Even the mountain behind—the other friend of Amalfi in the days of the pirates—has turned traitor. Down its precipices it has let loose more than once the dreaded waterspout which has swept houses and inhabitants to destruction. You can still see the ruins of the latest disaster, in the track of débris which has left its deep scar on the town. New watercourses have been built, and it is hoped that this peril has been overcome.

One marvels most, not at what has been lost, but at what still remains. True, it is only a fringe of its ancient

glory, but it is a tribute to the triumph of man over the forces of Nature. Sea and landslide are still defied, and the modern town clings perilously to the rocks. It recalls to mind a deserted mining village I once saw in the region of the Arrow-head Lake, British Columbia. The houses were stuck like limpets to the mountain-side, in such a way that an American remarked—you looked through the chimney to see who was ringing your front-gate bell !

To feel the real charm of the spot you must leave your car and climb to the Cappuccini convent, which, alas, has come down in the world, like its neighbours. It caters now for the bodies instead of the souls of men. Yet after you have toiled up the two hundred feet, you feel that the smartly dressed waiter who brings you a delicious ice must have something of the saint about him. As you sip it on the flower-screened verandah, where once the monks meditated, your eyes feast themselves on the enchanting view. The houses appear to slip right down to the very water's edge, which borders them with a fringe of emerald.

All Scotsmen should make a pilgrimage to the Cathedral, for under its high altar is said to rest the body, uncorrupted, of St. Andrew. It was brought there from Constantinople in A.D. 1208, and still exudes an oily substance which is supposed to work miracles. Cardinal Capuano was the patriot or the plunderer. The word you use depends on whether your sympathies are with Constantinople or Amalfi. The body was stolen from the one and bestowed on the other. However, there it is to-day, and the people of Amalfi bless the old Cardinal, and are wise enough not to ask historians inconvenient questions.

If Amalfi has fascinated us, Ravello has still something better in store. Our car, panting somewhat at the effort, climbs up the mountain road to this old fastness. At

every turn, and there are many, we have with great effort to repress our admiration in case we might be untrue to our nationality, for the British breed is not supposed to express its feelings; but this road is a pretty stiff test to that credential. Each view seems to surpass the others until at last we arrive at the top, and find ourselves in narrow streets, the skeleton of a city which once contained nearly forty thousand inhabitants. It was the child of Amalfi, and once it too, like Naples, did a mean thing to its mother. When Robert Guiscard attacked the former city the nobles of Ravello turned traitor and aided the aggressor. No doubt they had some old scores to settle even with their parent city, and the Southern Italian never forgets his injuries. Besides, the Norman was able to reward them, and he did. He ordered the Pope to make Ravello into a Bishopric independent of Amalfi. Thus the city on the hill revenged itself on its mother, and won a reward for its services, while the wily Norman rubbed his hands. He paid for the help received by a cheque, as it were, on the bank of the Pope. The Vatican squared the bill with an honour which cost it nothing; and all seemed pleased with their bargain, except, of course, vanquished Amalfi.

We enter its Cathedral to execrate that fiend of a Bishop who was a plaster saint. He whitewashed the twelfth-century frescoes, only two escaping to bear witness to his crime. His name was Tafuri, and he was a true vandal in spirit. Marbles, mosaics he defaced in a wholesale fashion, and we feel ashamed to think that he belonged to the ninteenth century, for we dare not look the twelfth in its face again. However, the two greatest treasures eluded his destroying hand. These are the ambones (pulpits) encrusted with mosaics. They alone are worth the climb to see.

The one from which the Epistles are read dates from 1130, and is of Byzantine work. In its mosaics the

Photo *Alinari*

THE NOLANA GATE & STREET, POMPEII

The Strada Nolana was one of the chief thoroughfares intersecting the city, and it led to a gate of the same name. Pedestrians were more thought of then than to-day, and you can see the stepping-stones by which they crossed from one pavement to another, also the ruts of the old chariot wheels are visible

story of Jonah and the whale is told with dramatic effect. The other which is opposite is about a century and a half later, and was constructed by Nicolo di Foggia, showing that there were craftsmen in Southern Italy who could more than hold their own. The pulpit is supported by six spiral columns set upon the back of lions, while the Gospels rest on the outspread wings of an eagle.

The charms of Ravello are not exhausted with its Cathedral. We turn down a narrow lane, and are back in the eleventh century. We have entered the gardens of the old Palazzo Rufolo. In the Gothic window and rounded arches of the ruined tower we see the hall-mark of Saracen and Norman. The blending has a pleasing effect. Rufolo when he built his palace took the best which both could offer him. The two might blend in stone but not in blood, and that has been the tragedy of these shores. From the courtyard we pass to the terrace garden. Nature has spread out a mantle of beauty at our feet. Here the one British Pope, Hadrian IV, showed his good taste by staying; and to feast his eyes on such a scene, more stirring in his days than ours, must have compensated the exile for any pangs of home-sickness.

But we still have a long road to go, and our race with the sun must be a keen one. We wind our way down again to the shore and follow its twisting line until our car bumps along the dusty and uneven streets of Salerno. Here we must take time to visit the Cathedral, and stand before the tomb of Gregory the Seventh. In him the papacy reached its zenith. What a proud smile must have rested on those dead features as this Pope kept the greatest Emperor of his time standing for three days in the snow, bare-headed, and dressed in the woollen garment of a penitent, outside his castle at Canossa! He may have died an exile, but the picture he painted on the page of history will never be effaced.

In the crypt, the body of St. Matthew is said to be preserved, and its presence here is the reason for the church itself which Robert Guiscard built in 1084. Tradition states that the body was brought from Pæstum in 930, whether openly or furtively is not declared. However, it was not the only treasure which Pæstum yielded to its neighbour. The antique columns in the atrium belonged to its ancient temples, for where the carcase is there will the vultures be gathered together!

The ambones and a Pascal candlestick of Cosmati work tempt us to linger longer than we should within this interesting sanctuary, where the more closely you examine mosaic pavement or altar piece the more you discover to see.

But we are off again on our last stretch of road. About twenty-five miles of rough surface across an uninteresting plain make us rejoice when at last we catch a glimpse of those stately temples which are all that is left of the Greek city of Poseidonia. Those ancient settlers who had come by sea about 600 B.C., called the town they founded after Neptune, in gratitude for his safe conduct granted them over his domains. A strange loneliness broods over the grave of this once great city. Its splendours can only be guessed at by temples which are not unworthy of Athens itself: by coins which exalt Neptune and his trident and thus lay claim to the commerce of the seas: by the fact that the city gave its name to the Gulf. Its deadliest foe was neither the Roman, nor the Saracen, but one whose poisonous thrust was much more difficult to parry—the malarious mosquito. In the first round the pestiferous insect has won the day, and transformed a garden of roses—for Virgil says Pæstum was famous for these flowers—into a scene of desolation. But the end is not yet. Champions have arisen to slay this pest which has devastated so many of Italy's shorelands, and already victory is on their side. There is

hope that soon the foe will be completely routed, and once more this desert will blossom as the rose.

Three temples stand guard over the tomb of the city which reverenced them. The finest of these is naturally the one dedicated to Neptune. It ranks amongst the first three great temple ruins which still exist in the world: the others being the Theseion at Athens, and the Temple of Concord at Girgenti. The Doric columns, the immense solidity of the structure, give an impression of beauty and strength. Somehow we do not think it strange that it has weathered the ages and defied time. It looks to-day as of old, imperishable. It is a lasting landmark of the Pagan faiths. How it must have gleamed in the sunlight when its travertine pillars were covered with stucco which gave them the appearance of finest marble!

The sun is setting, and the mosquito is preparing for its nightly raids, so we must be off, if we are not to fall victims to its infected rapier. We tuck ourselves into a cosy corner of the car and close our eyes, to dream of the wonders of that Yesterday whose shroud lies there white and cold on this lonely plain.

CHAPTER X

THE JEWEL OF THE BAY

CAPRI is like a fair maiden who must be wooed if her full charm is to be enjoyed. There is a certain coyness about her, an aloofness which withdraws her from the grasp of the impatient. The winds and the waves which are seldom still around her rocks, guard her from the importunate mob. True, thousands of tourists visit her shores every season; but the majority of these do not even land except at the Blue Grotto, and as they roll back to Naples on the Mediterranean swell, they are apt to think unkindly thoughts of that fair Siren rock which had lured them to such a fate!

The few, however, who refuse to be content with an hour's interview, but persist in their attentions: who settle down and fall in love with the beauty and the mystery of this elusive island, begin to discover her secret. She exerts an almost uncanny fascination on her lovers. Once their eyes have been opened to the slender grace of her rocky sides, so tall, so straight: to the wonderful colours of her clinging garments, as from her clefts like a cascade the fragile campanula streams forth and clothes her with stars of pale amethyst, and mingles with another stream of sapphire blue lithospermum or white and purple convolvulus they become bewitched with her beauty. They laugh at such Italian rivals as Taormina or even Cortina d'Ampezzo. The former has certainly the azure sea, and the latter the impressive cliffs; but Capri has both combined. It is a mountain station and a seaside resort: and the air, how shall we describe it? Like fine old wine it has substance, and another quality which

we can only call intoxication. Indeed, the air may be accountable for many strange things which take place on what one writer has called "The Crazy Island."

The first breath of this air which I inhaled was at Massalubrense on the mainland. An account of this should really belong to my last chapter, but if it has stumbled into this, put it down to the craziness which infects Capri. Stranger things will be recounted before the present chapter is finished. From Sorrento we drive to Massalubrense and from there up to St. Agatha, and climb to the monastery at Deserto. The view of the two gulfs is, of course, magnificent, but what impresses one most is the change in the air. In Sorrento it was heavy and hot; yet on those heights, even though it be midsummer, there is a freshness and tonic in the breeze that makes one take the steep ascent with a light step. From the monks' platform we look across to Capri, and the island wafts its kiss to us in that cooling breeze. One is not surprised to find at Massalubrense a military sanatorium. A better spot there could not be for such an institution.

Yet that air is but a foretaste of the real thing. These words are written in Capri in the beginning of August. Possibly it is a sweltering day in London. Here the thermometer may register in the sun eighty-five degrees but there is a delightful westerly breeze fanning my cheeks, and there is such a buoyancy in the air that one could walk up to Anacapri, which is 1000 feet, with even a lighter step than to Deserto. Capri is an island in which you never grow tired, and I would almost be inclined to add—never grow old.

Amongst the very few British residents is a Scottish lady who has lived here for some considerable time, and in her charming Moorish house, with its Muezzin tower, we had tea only a short time ago. As a peep at English life in Capri might interest the reader I shall take you

with me to this hospitable home. It is called "Discopoli." The house is set in a terraced garden, with shady walks under a pergola of roses and clematis. All the rooms are on the one floor. From the hall you enter a large drawing-room on the right. Its French window leads to a veranda which overlooks the flower garden and the lemon and olive groves. A Scotch tea in such surroundings is a soothing balm for home-sick foreigners. The man servant is Italian but the maid hails from Fifeshire. One is glad to think that there was such enterprise amongst our home domestics. Why should they not see the world, when such comfortable posts offer themselves ? From the drawing-room we cross the hall, and have a glimpse at the cosy dining-room whose table is laden with delicious fruit from the garden. Then we look down the Blue Corridor. The very sight is cooling. The effect is produced by admitting the light through blue-tinted windows. This passage leads to the guest chambers, and surely nothing could be more conducive to peaceful slumber than the soft colouring which refreshes the eyes. In a Moorish alcove in the *cortile* we have ices and enjoy a smoke while looking out on the beauty of Capri spread at our feet.

What is there for a British resident to do, you may ask. Every morning this lady takes the Funicular down to the Marine Grande, and has her swim in limpid waters rivalled only by those of Malta. This is the great charm of Capri. You can stay an hour in the sea and feel no chill. Far beneath you, as you plunge about, you see glimmering specks of blue and green, the patchwork of colour made by the sun on the bottom of the sea. You have been transferred to fairyland, and one can well imagine that whatever is missed in the day, it is not the morning swim.

But Capri has its duties for the hospitably inclined. There are many strangers to be entertained—who are

Photo *Cicalese*

OLD PULPIT IN THE CATHEDRAL, RAVELLO

This ancient pulpit in the Cathedral of Ravello is a gem of art. The six slender spiral columns are set upon the backs of lions, and have each a twisted band of marble encased with mosaics. The whole is a wonderful blending of soft colour and purest carving.

by no means all angels! This little island is the most cosmopolitan place in the world. Edwin Cerio, the witty Italian writer, has analysed for us the types of visitors. As an ex-mayor of the place he ought to know. His description of the deluge of "intellectuals" pouring on Capri from all parts of the world is authoritative: Parnassians, ultra-futurist painters; Swedish apostles of sex-reform, psycho-analysts, theosophists, religious reformers, pure Buddhists, integral sarapputists, dhamaputists, and spherists. Such is his delightful catalogue of visitors. They certainly do not lack in interest, even though they may give a crazy appearance to the island. Cerio's book is filled with amusing accounts of "eccentrics" who foregather here, not even the native escaping his caustic wit. He tells of a Capri chemist who fills his shop windows with specifics, and when the doctor is about to write a prescription, points to all that stock and implores: "Spread yourself. I beg you."

To see who is on the island you have only to step out of your hotel before dinner on to the little Piazza in the town of Capri. For all the world the scene is like a cinema film. Here flit in and out the dresses of all nations. On one's ears fall the accents of many tongues. Perhaps the German predominates. For that nation was one of the first in modern times to rediscover the charms of Capri, just as it was a German who found the Blue Grotto. Here one literally rubs shoulders with the ends of the earth. The space is restricted, hardly larger than a dancing hall; yet all promenade bareheaded in the soft evening air. On approaching the balustrade with its picturesque columns, you look down on the amphitheatre of vineyards and villas to where—500 feet below you—a row of lights marks the harbour and town of the Marina Grande. There is a serenity about the scene that the strumming of a mandoline only heightens. You glance up, and there a thousand feet

above you loom the heights of Monte Solario, and peeping round their corner shine the lights of Anacapri. You elevate your glance, and the stars like diamonds sparkle in the unclouded sky.

The town itself is a world in miniature. You feel that you are in a toy city. The streets are so narrow that you can almost stretch across them, yet their windows are ablaze with all the tempting bait of a Paris shop. The national costumes of the natives have almost vanished, but there is one old patriarch with a long snowy-white beard, sitting on the steps wearing his red beret, blue jersey, and wound round him a bright sash made of fishing net dyed scarlet. His trousers are pale blue, and he smokes a long curved wooden pipe as he broods on other days. He is a relic of the past thrown upon the shores of time. A new world parades before him and casts curious glances at his garments, which to tell the truth outrival in picturesqueness the drab fashions of to-day.

The women of Capri attract more than a passing glance. They may have done injustice to themselves by discarding their own costumes in order to keep abreast of the times. Yet one thing they have not been able to shed, and that is their good looks. I wonder from which ancestry they get their well-marked features: from Grecian, Roman, Arab, or Turkish, for all have had their hand in the moulding of this peculiar race? The island itself gives them their splendid carriage. Its steep stairways, up which they carry heavy loads upon their heads, compel them to walk with a stately step; but it is their kindly hearts which prompt the welcoming smile and ready salutation. An atmosphere of affability surrounds them. Their very "Buon giorno, Signore!" wins your sympathy at once. You feel that there must be a gentle strain somewhere in the blood of this people.

Now you are anxious to know a little about the

history of this "Jewel of the Bay." The fact that there is so much tragedy about it makes you wonder why its natives are so light-hearted. The Emperor Augustus gets the credit of having discovered the excellence of its air. In 29 B.C. on his return from Asia he landed at Capri. It was at one of those periods in his life when he needed a little encouragement. Some wise sage on the island seized the opportunity, and showed him an old withered oak which at his coming had put forth fresh shoots. Now, although Augustus was still a young man he was superstitious. He regarded this as a good omen, and felt kindly disposed to an island which had extended to him, if not the olive branch, an oak one full of promise. He desired to possess the place and so exchanged it for Ischia. Thus for good or evil it passed into imperial hands.

It is, of course, Tiberius who has given Capri its greatest notoriety. In these days a great deal of whitewash is being used to plaster this sinner into a saint, and to discredit the testimony of Suetonius and Tacitus. Of the bed-rock fact of the presence of Tiberius on the island I had a *striking* proof only a short time ago. While I was writing by my window a loud explosion shook the house and a piece of stone hit my balcony. A few inches more and Capri might have been spared another volume! On making enquiries as to the cause I found—but tell it not to the archæologists of Rome—that men were blasting an old Tiberian wall to make a drain. After that convincing evidence the latest structures of the myth-idea in my mind were shattered. Tiberius is a hard fact, and I am inclined to swallow Tacitus.

Tiberius, like some more modern potentates of Rome, had a weakness for voluntary seclusion. He went into banishment at Rhodes for seven years, and then spent the last eleven years of his life in the privacy of Capri.

What did he do here, behind those battlements of rock ? Imagination is quick to fill in the picture, and naturally favours tragedy. Standing on the heights of Tiberio at the extreme eastern point of the island, and looking down the straight drop of more than one thousand feet into the sea, you feel in a mood to accept the most weird imaginings. No inquisitive eyes in any case could have seen what went on here, so fancy has a pretty clear field.

Huge chambers on this desolate spot, fragments of marble columns, portions of tessellated pavements, traces of fresco, help us to reconstruct the palace, which Augustus may originally have built and Tiberius completed. For a detailed description of these ruins you ought to read *The Book of Capri*, by Harold E. Trower. A lifetime spent by that author on this island has enabled him to study minutely its remains, while with the enthusiasm of a lover he has painted the beauties of this sea-girt home. His hospitable and picturesque house has also been a great centre for British and American visitors.

The tourist who has expended so much energy in climbing to Tiberio must not be denied the morbid pleasure of shedding a tear over the Salto. This precipitous cliff is beside the old palace, and here the victims of Tiberius were supposed to walk the plank into vacancy, and if any life was in their bodies when they struck the sea, sailors in boats were stationed there to batter it out. To look over that dizzy height is to believe !

In all, there were supposed to be twelve imperial villas on the island. More than enough for all the foul deeds which tradition links with them.

But if the depths speak of destruction, the height beside us has a message of hope. Here Augustus built the great lighthouse which guided the wheat ships from Alexandria on their way to Puteoli. From its size, and

especially its altitude, it must have rivalled the Pharos of Egypt. Its service to the Empire was not less, for through that narrow channel which separates Capri from the mainland had to pass the food of Rome. The first ship of the season was an important arrival. A deputation of senators from the capital awaited it at the port, and when its topsails were discerned, a general holiday was proclaimed. Beds of ashes have been found in the ruins of this lighthouse, which show that during the night huge fires of resinous wood were kept lighted on the top of the tower.

Even this ruin has its tragic memories. In A.D. 185 Crispina and Lucilla, the wife and sister of the Emperor Commodus, were banished to Capri, and put to death by his orders. A bas-relief was found at this spot, representing these two in an attitude of supplication, and with dishevelled hair.

In the Middle Ages the island suffered many vicissitudes. The pirates were its greatest curse. In A.D. 1534 the most famous of them, the terrible Barbarossa, took possession of Capri, destroyed its walls, and carried off a large proportion of its population as slaves. The ruins of the old fortress still bear his dreaded name.

This disaster came about through a little weakness of the Capresi. The inhabitants of its two towns were in the chronic state of not being on speaking terms. Even to this day the contempt of the one for the other is very apparent. They have a protective tariff against each other, and a guard inspects you as you pass the toll-house. Anacapri looks down from its higher altitude on the more mixed races occupying the saddle of the island. The others do not look up to their neighbours, but send up the produce they do not want for themselves and which they consider good enough for those hill people. When Barbarossa swept down they refused to unite. Had they done so they could have beaten the

pirate off. Instead of that he conquered them piecemeal. I wonder if in after life, when chained together as galley-slaves, they deigned to recognise each other! Many are the stories told of the tragedies resulting from this jealousy. Cerio tells how two women from the rival towns met, and flew at each other like tigers. The smaller of the two flung the other over the cliffs into the sea, for which deed she received a life sentence. Of course there was a man in the case; but behind their fury was the smouldering passion of unneighbourly hatred.

The period in the history of Capri which is of most interest to Britishers is that short one when it was in our possession. Strangely enough, not so long ago a relic of that time turned up in a cottage in Anacapri—an old English red coat with all its buttons intact, which was being used as a kind of quilt. On May 12th, 1806, Admiral Sir Sydney Smith attacked the island with a small fleet, and after a stubborn fight took it from the French. On October 4th, 1808, The French had their revenge. With great dash they scaled the cliffs below Anacapri, and while they made a feint of attacking elsewhere, seized that town. The Maltese regiment stationed there lost heart when its brave commander, Major Hamill, was killed, and they then surrendered. Two companies of English Corsicans under British officers refused to capitulate, and with wonderful nerve actually made a descent over the precipices down to Capri, where they joined the main garrison. But with the heights in the hands of the French, now reinforced by heavy artillery, the end was near. Though it was tantalising that, no sooner had Sir Hudson Lowe hoisted a white flag and signed the favourable terms of capitulation, than a British fleet hove in sight. A few rusty seven pounders, and the ruins of the demolished *Palazzo Inglese* are all that is left to-day to commemorate British occupation.

Multum in parvo was never so true of a place as it is

of Capri. Mythology, legend, history, have interlined every page of its past. For Archæologists it is still a largely unexplored mine ; though now they will not be allowed to carry off their " finds " as did an Englishman, who for 40 scudi secured a column of lapislazuli, five feet in height and ten inches in diameter, and elaborately sculptured. Archæological research is an old story in Capri. The Emperor Augustus himself was an amateur palæ-ethnologist. He was perhaps a little nearer prehistoric times than we are, though he had less knowledge of them. Still, he constructed a museum for the " bones of giants " and " arma heroum," ancient weapons, found in Capri—so Suetonius tell us. The skeletons of hippopotami, elephants, rhinoceros, stags, leopards, and other mammalia prove that once Capri was not an island but part of the mainland, and human remains of that early period suggest that man may have actually witnessed that stupendous upheaval, when fire and water reshaped the shores of the Bay of Naples.

For botanists Capri is a Paradise. All Europe seems to be represented on its hill-sides, and English flowers abound. The violet looks up as sweetly as it does in our home lanes ; but the sun has stolen from it something of its fragrance. The crocus and the anemone make patch-work carpets under the trees. In its season the golden broom does its best to paint the island yellow until to the mariner it might well seem in the sunset a pinnacle of gold. The aristocratic orchid does not disdain to make a home here, though it must sometimes draw in its sensitive petals from the rough touch of the rag-tag and bobtail of floral life which elbow it unduly in the narrow space. In fact every inch seems to be a battle-ground of flowers. On the very farm-house walls the caper struggles with the honeysuckle, and the whole countryside is blood-stained with poppies !

But it is the artist who revels most in the variety

and grandeur which Nature displays. Little paths lead you to view-points where glimpses of rock or sea make you wish to write a poem or paint a picture. There are so many such walks that to begin to describe them would prove a hopeless task. Yet if you should find your way to the Arco Naturale, where Nature has tried its hand at shaping a Gothic window, and building a cathedral buttress, and sketching in stone other fantastic designs, you will experience a sense of enchantment such as few other spots can equal. In these latter days man is giving Nature a help to express itself, and much money has been spent to place attractive out-looks for the visitor at the most interesting view-points. The little garden of Augustus with its modern seats, perches itself on a ledge from which the tourist may securely and leisurely absorb the beauties of sea and land.

The greatest sight I have left to the last, because it needs so little further description. Pen and brush have made known to the world the wonders and beauties of the Blue Grotto, but I have paid it yet another visit that I might get the right colouring for my final picture.

Salvatore Cosentino had his little boat waiting at the Piccola Marina, and we pushed off into limpid waters. The adjective is his. He was a great talker as he rowed, and his pet grievance was the character of the people in Anacapri. His awning had been stolen, and only one of *them* could have done it, for they have no heart. They have little head either, for not long ago their boats went fishing when the men of Capri wisely stayed at home. A tramontana wind sprang up, and they were driven out to sea, and had to be rescued by steamers—but that was like them !

The way to approach the Blue Grotto is the one by which he took us, for it provides an appetiser for the real feast. First we rowed into the still cool shades of the Green Grotto, and admired its emerald hues. Then,

Photo *Pastena*

SORRENTO

The Villa of Marion Crawford is picturesquely situated on the top of the steep cliffs at Sorrento. Here the author spent many of his busy years, and interested himself in the affairs of the town. The precipices of limestone, which are 200 ft. in height, have proved a defensive wall to the Sorrento in troublous times.

coasting the heights which rose sheer above us eighteen hundred feet, we glided into the Red Grotto tinted by the natural colouring of the rocks. As we passed along we looked into the mouth of the Cannon Cave, and heard the awesome booming of the hidden waters, which in stormy weather deafens with the thunder of a battle. It was a sudden change to find ourselves in the ghostly sepulchre of "The Saints"; where in the dim light one sees what look like marble effigies on Cathedral tombs, the figures of the dead. It is only a freak of Nature, and on nearer inspection the reclining statues resolve themselves into strangely shaped rocks. There is something too uncanny about this mimicking of the dead, and we are glad when we shoot out into the warm sunshine. From solitariness we pass to bustle. We have arrived off the Blue Grotto at the same time as the daily boat from Naples. We had timed it otherwise, but wind and current had delayed us, and perhaps Salvatore's talk. I had once been a lonely visitor to this cave, when the dip of our oar was the only sound to break its stillness. It was a novelty, therefore, to line up in a queue of boats and take our turn with the rest. Salvatore had enough to do to keep his place, and get his larger boat through the narrow entrance. According to regulations we should possibly have disembarked into a smaller craft; but Salvatore knew that he could just do it, so, scraping the sides, we shot through into that glow of royal blue. The walls of the cave rang with snatches of song. There were fifty boats in all. The American accent was the most predominant, and its expressive phrases were doing their best to give vent to feelings which disdained ordinary language.

As we had no steamer to catch, we waited until the crowd disappeared, and we then felt in peace the mystic charm of that blue silence. The peep of shimmering sea beyond the low entrance, the refracted sunlight

entering from the large opening under the water and painting the whole interior with Mediterranean blue, transformed the scene into fairyland. No wonder this spot draws the world of sight-seers to itself; for the Blue Grotto of Capri must ever remain unique.

Now we have to take farewell of the Bay of Naples. We shall do it from the much-maligned Anacapri. There beneath us in the sunset glow it spreads out its curve of beauty. We have learned much of it since we started our tour from Ischia yonder, and wandered into its city, and along its shores, until we stand on the other horn of that fifty-mile crescent. The fascination of its past, the charm of its present, unite in casting a glamour over one of the fairest scenes in the world. The sun dips below the sea, the short twilight deepens into night, the outline of distant shore and mountain becomes dimmed in the gathering shadows. Then suddenly the contour of bay and city reappears in a circuit of light. In the clear atmosphere the well-lit streets draw their brilliant pencil along those miles of shore, and in the centre of that radiant girdle, like a soaring rocket shooting up into the air, one sees the illumined railway on the slopes of Vesuvius. Above it all, like some unearthly sign in the sky is a red glow. It is the mountain's warning to mortals that the volcano is not dead but only sleeping.

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